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THE EDITOR cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscripts.

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LITERATURE.

The House of the Wolfings. By William Morris. (Reeves & Turner.)

THE form chosen for the new romance by the author of the "Earthly Paradise" will seem strange to many of his readers. The story of the Wolfings looks at first sight like the translation of some Northern saga, in the text of which are imbedded long passages from the mediaeval court-poems and fragments of more ancient lays. The likeness is increased by the use of Scandinavian names for the Gothic gods and warriors, by a constant use of those poetical metaphors and synonyms which formed the stock-in-trade of the later Skalds, and by the fact that many of the details of the life described in the story seem to belong more to the Icelanders of the Middle Ages than to any of the old German tribes. There are details of another kind relating to customs of exogamy and the use of the "totem-signs" which would seem to be inappropriate to Goths and Icelanders alike. On a closer examination it will be found that there is merely a superficial resemblance between a work like the *Grettir saga* and the new tale "written in prose and verse" about the fate of the House of the Wolfings and the other kindreds of the Mark.

Mr. Lang pointed out, in his notes on *Auocassin and Nicolete*, that the method of telling stories in mixed prose and verse was probably "an early artistic adaptation of a popular narrative method," though hardly any examples of it have come down to our times, except the graceful "song-story" of which he gave us a version in an English which is "elderly, with a memory of Malory." He cited a case of the same kind, first noticed by Mr. Motherwell, as existing in the literature of Scottish folklore: "Thus have I heard the ancient ballad of 'Young Beichan and Susy Pye' dilated by a story-teller into a tale of very remarkable dimensions, a paragraph of prose and then a screed of rhyme alternatively given." The verse, perhaps, in such a case was meant to be sung by the company while the bard or minstrel rested; or the practice may have begun in an imitation of the reciters of the "Arabian Nights," who filled up pauses in the story with reflective "tags" in couplets and quatrains. It is clear that the artificial methods of the "Cante-fable" must be sparingly used, if the reader's mind is not to be fatigued with constant changes of style; and it is very doubtful if it could be successfully applied to any but a direct and simple story, such as its readers will find the tale of the Wolfings to be, if they disregard the somewhat too minute details of its archaeological decoration.

The tale is cast in a historical form, though

it is easily recognised as being a vision of Utopia or a dream from some golden age of the world. Several of the leading incidents would suit the third century of our era, while for others a much later date might be postulated. The Wolfings and Elkings and Laxings and other kindreds of the Mark are of a Gothic stock, still settled in agricultural communities not far from the banks of the Vistula; but other tribes of the same blood had already become "dastards," and, as subjects, or allies, had submitted to the Roman dominion. The Franks and Burgundians beyond the Elbe were engaged in the same imperial service, and the forest-tribes had already fought with Huns "who would sweep them away from the face of the earth." The Romans are represented by a poetical licence as still endeavouring to push forward the boundary of the empire into the remoter corners of Germany, and the interest of the plot turns on the defence of the Wolfings' home and the abject defeat of the "loathly folk." The story opens with a pleasant picture of a free agricultural republic. Three "islands in the woods" were inhabited by a kindred known as the Markmen, "though of many branches was that stem of folk, who bore divers signs in battle and at the council, whereby they might be known." The Wolfings, for instance, were marked on the breast with the image of a Wolf, "that they might be known for what they were, if they fell in battle, and were stripped." It was a custom of the folk that the men of one house might not wed the women of their own house. "The Wolfing men and the Wolfing women were as sisters; they must needs wed with the Hastings or the Elkings or the Bearings, or other such Houses of the Mark as were not so close akin to the blood of the Wolf." It may be noted that this system of exogamy is not, as we might expect, connected with the idea of female kinship, and that the sacredness of the "totem" or tattooed crest did not prevent some of the "fish-tribes" from breaking the ordinary rule by "eating their namesakes." The great hall or "Roof" of the Wolfings is very like the house described in the *Grettir Saga*.

"Two rows of pillars went down it endlong, fashioned of the mightiest trees that might be found, and each one fairly wrought with base and chapter, and wreaths and knots, and fighting men and dragons; so that it was like a church of later days that has a nave and aisles; windows there were above the aisles and a passage underneath the said windows in their roofs. In the aisles were the sleeping places of the Folk, and down the nave under the crown of the roof were three hearths for the fires, and above each hearth a luffer or smoke-bearer to draw the smoke up when the fires were lighted. Forsooth, on a bright winter afternoon it was strange to see the three columns of smoke going wavering up to the dimness of the mighty roof, and one may be smitten athwart by the sunbeams."

There is a fine description of the hall, when it was lit for the funeral of the war-dukes, whose corpses, "clad in precious glistering raiment," looked down on the kindreds from the high-seat:

"Fair cloths were hung on the walls, goodly broidered garments on the pillars; goodly brazen cauldrons and fair-carven chests were set down in nooks where men could see them

well, and vessels of gold and silver were set all up and down the tables of the feast. . . . Sweet gums and spices were burning in fair-wrought censers of brass, and so many candles were alight under the roof, that scarce had it looked more ablaze when the Romans had lit the faggots therein for its burning amidst the hurry of the Morning Battle."

The peace of a summer evening, when "the nightingales on the borders of the wood sang ceaselessly from the scattered hazel-trees above the greensward," is suddenly disturbed by a blast from the great war-horn of the Elkings, and a messenger appears with a bode-stick "ragged and burnt and bloody" as a sign of the coming invasion:

"For great is the Folk, saith the tidings, that against the Markmen come,
In a far-off land is their dwelling, whenso they sit at home,
And Welsh is their tongue, and we wot not of the word that is in their mouth,
As they march a many together from the cities of the South."

The whole story of the war is well told, and the battle-songs especially are all extremely spirited. The warriors come like a storm-wind, "and drive the ruddy rain"; their dreaded foemen marched "brown-faced about the banners that their hands have borne afar"; the listening prophetess catches a sound "muffled by the tree-boles," and she hears the shielding-song "and warriors blithe and merry with the battle of the strong."

Two passages may be selected from the mythological portions of the story, in one of which the War-duke Thiodolf tells how he felt after being saved in battle by the wood-nymph, who was also one of the Choosers of the Slain.

"Far fairer the fields of the morning than I had known them erst,
And the acres where I wended, and the corn with its half-slaked thirst;
And the noble roof of the Wolfings, and the hawks that sat thereon,
And the bodies of my kindred whose deliverance I had won;
And the glimmering of the Hall-Sun in the dusky house of old;
And my name in the mouth of the maidens, and the praises of the bold,
As I sat in my battle-raiment, and the ruddy spear well steeled
Leaned 'gainst my side war-battered, and the wounds thine hand had healed."

The other passage contains his answer to the spirit or goddess, when she laments his refusal of her magical hauberk, and mourns over his approaching death. "A few bones, white in their war-gear, that have no help or thought, shall be Thiodolf the Mighty, so nigh, so dear—and nought." He has tried once to his coat the gift of the cowardly dwarfs, and will not again wear "this grey wall of the hammer in the tempest of the spear"; and, "as for the rede of the gods," he says, "'I know it not, nor may I know it, nor turn it this way nor that, and as for thy love, and that I would choose death sooner, I know not what thou meanest.'"

"I am Thiodolf the Mighty; but as wise as I may be,
No story of that grave-night mine eyes can ever see,
But rather the tale of the Wolfings through the coming days of earth,
And the young men in their triumph, and the maidens in their mirth;

And morn's promise every evening, and each day the promised morn,
And I amidst it ever reborn and yet reborn.
What sayest thou of the grave-mound? Shall I be there at all?
When they lift the Horn of Remembrance and the shout goes down the hall,
And they drink the mighty War-Duke and Thiodolf the old?
Nay rather: there where the youngling that lengtheth to be bold
Sits gazing through the hall-reek, and sees across the board
A vision of the reaping of the harvest of the sword,
There shall Thiodolf be sitting; e'en there shall the youngling be,
That once in the ring of the hazels gave up his life to thee."

The author bids the world of men to turn towards the reflection of the past "across the waste that hath no way":

"A while I bid it linger near,
And muse in wavering memories
The bitter-sweet of days that were."

But it is very difficult to sustain an interest in the conversation and adventures of fairies and demigods, and the effect desired by the author must be diminished to a great extent by the wealth of his mythological illustrations. The historical lesson, in such circumstances, takes the appearance of an allegory; and the poem loses its directness, and incurs the suspicion of being didactic, and of leading up to some conclusion of social or political economics. Many writers have endeavoured to find an origin for their favourite institutions in the customs of the old German tribes; but the task has never been hitherto undertaken by anyone possessing such a power over nervous prose and vigorous dashing verse as the author of the legend of the *Wolfings*; though, perhaps from the very nature of the case, it must still be confessed that there is something missing from the verse of the music of the "Earthly Paradise," and of ballads like "The Tune of Seven Towers" and "The Sailing of the Sword."

CHARLES ELTON.

"The Expositor's Bible."—*The Book of Isaiah*. By George Adam Smith. Vol. I. Isaiah i.-xxxix. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It is sad, but true, that there is a deep gulf between those who know the Scriptures (as distinguished from Scripture) and those who preach and listen in our churches. Theological prejudice and unstatesmanlike timidity in high quarters have, for a long time, almost stifled the voice of protest. But here is a well-trained critical scholar calmly, but with full consciousness of this gulf to which I have referred, coming forward to help preachers and ordinary readers to a truer comprehension of their Scriptures. He knows that if "they overdrive them one day, all the flocks may die" (Gen. xxxiii. 13), and has a reverent regard to the interests at stake, which are not merely those of historical truth. To succeed in being at once tender and veracious was, no doubt, easier in the case of a prophetic than of a narrative book; but it was not a prize within the reach of the ordinary church-scholar. In all essentials this new expositor has succeeded. His work is in every sense mature, and shows a thorough comprehension of the problem. Let me first say a little about the book itself.

Mr. Smith takes up the popularisation of *Isaiah* at the same end at which I took it up

myself in 1870—in a far darker period than the present. He sees the hopelessness of making *Isaiah* intelligible without arranging the books of which it consists in some chronological order, and retranslating it. He does not, indeed, give a complete translation; but, whenever he does translate, it is in a scholarly and yet literary style. He is not hampered as I was in 1870 by a regard for King James's version. Sensible people have come to understand at last that no touch of inspiration belongs to those admirable men who represented the scholarship of the seventeenth century. Strong, nervous English lies close to his hand, so at least it seems; but his fellow-students will know that such a prize is not to be won without persistent toil. In one passage, however (the ode on the King of Babylon), he has surpassed himself. Whatever the original rhythm may have been, the "rough and swinging rhythm" of the English is well adapted to set off the satire of the "taunt-song." But the chief strength of the book lies in the exposition, which is presumably such as the author would offer from any town-pulpit. So far as it goes, it is free and fearless. For instance, Mr. Smith declines to believe that *Isaiah* saw in the ideal king of the future a God in the metaphysical sense of the word (p. 140). Or take this comment on "A Topheth is prepared of old," &c.

"So *Isaiah* saw life, and flashed it on his countrymen. At last the glass fell from their eyes also, and they cried aloud, 'Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?' *Isaiah* replied that there is one thing which can survive the universal flame, and that is character" (p. 337).

And then he continues:

"Have we done well to confine our horror of the consuming fires of righteousness to the next life?"

And as another thought to be harvested he gives the following:

"*Isaiah's* figure for life was a burning. Ours is a battle, and at first sight ours looks the truer. . . . [And yet] though our dull eyes see it only now and then strike into flame in the battle of life, and take for granted that it is but the flash of meeting wits or of steel on steel, God's justice is everywhere pervasive and pitiless, affecting the combatants far more than they have power to affect one another" (p. 341).

It is the subject matter, much more than the external history, which interests the author, at least, for his present purpose. But he rightly sees—and the perception is one in which even great preachers are woefully deficient—that, without a view of the historical circumstances of a prophecy, you cannot get more out of it than a few pale, vague, general truths of doubtful application. In his introduction (p. xiii.) he remarks—perhaps in opposition to the excessive claims of our rising Assyriologists—"Signs of a development [in *Isaiah's* teaching] like these may be fairly used to connect or support the evidence which Assyriology affords for determining the chronological order of the chapters." I should rather think so, indeed! I quite agree, too, with Mr. Smith, that "any chronological arrangement of *Isaiah's* prophecies must be largely provisional"; and also that "the religious problems are so much

the same during the whole of *Isaiah's* career that uncertainties of date, if they are confined to the limits of that career, make little difference to the exposition of the book." The italics in this last sentence are noteworthy: they are the author's, and not mine. It is not surprising, therefore, that Book V. is headed "Prophecies not relating to *Isaiah's* time"; these prophecies are Isa. xii. 12—xv. 23; Isa. xxiv.; Isa. xxv.—xxvii. and xxxiv., xxxv. We may be certain that in Vol. II. this hearty and undiluted concession to criticism will be more manifest than it is as yet in its full scope and bearing.

Meantime, one can but express thankfulness that Mr. Smith's critical conclusions have already had some theological results. Biblical theology—that most important part of Bible study, so generally neglected as yet in the curriculum of English theologians—is recognised, discreetly and tentatively recognised. Mr. Smith knows his public, perhaps, better than I do. I could wish that his exposition had absorbed somewhat more of the ideas and results of the historical study of doctrine. It seems to me that the applications of *Isaiah's* words to modern life are so excessively prominent that they will almost obscure their theological bearing. To my taste, the book is overweighted by its generally striking and beautiful but disproportionately extended practical exegesis. Yet there are passages as free as anyone could wish from academical severity, and yet honest and accurate, which cannot be too earnestly pondered by the student. Such, for example, is the whole chapter on the Messiah to which I have referred already, and from which I quote these words, bolder than any popular church-writer has yet ventured to utter, but expressing an axiom of historical criticism:

"*Isaiah's* forecast of Judah's fate was, therefore, falsified by events . . . This boldness to entrust to future ages a prophecy discredited by contemporary history argues a profound belief in its moral meaning and eternal significance; and it is this boldness, in face of disappointment continued from generation to generation in Israel, that constitutes the uniqueness of the Messianic hope among that people" (p. 141).

With this portion of the work may be compared a valuable essay on "The Messiah in *Isaiah* i.—xxxix." by the same author, in the *Theological Review and Free Church College Quarterly*, June, 1887, which, though partly incorporated in this volume, contains some more directly critical matter. I am not prepared to criticise this here. The Immanuel prophecy, in particular, is one of those many details in the volume of the *More than Two Isaiahs* which demands deliberate re-examination.

It would be unfair to conclude without a few more references to notable passages in this book. The treatment of the subject of immortality is much to be commended. Mr. Smith has evidently grasped the historical as well as theological bearing of passages like Psalm xvi. 8-11 and xlix. 15 (see his note on p. 411). And most true is his remark (p. 394) that the Semitic race, including the Hebrew section of it, "was unable to develop any strong imagination of, or practical interest in, a future life, apart

from foreign influence or divine revelation" (the latter phrase is unavoidably theological). To me, however, the Hezekiah of the famous song is no more than royal saint than the David of Psalm vi. is the "darling of the songs of Israel." Nor could anything have induced me to say or to write the erroneous rendering of Psalm xvi. 10, "see corruption" (p. 395). But what a fine application of Isaiah xxxvii. 3 is this: "All life thrills with the pangs of inability to bring the children of faith to the birth of experience. The man who has lost his faith, or who takes his faith easily, never knows, of course, this anguish of Hezekiah" (p. 353). How well, too, Isaiah xxxvii. is illustrated by a passage in the life of Napoleon (p. 355)! Less satisfactory is the illustration of Isaiah vi. 6, 7 by the experience of Mazzini (pp. 84-86). This is more appropriate for the life of Jeremiah. Did Isaiah's followers desert him? We do not know that they did. But the mass of Jeremiah's and the Deuteronomist's probably did. Very touching is the comment upon Isaiah xxv. 9, xxvi. 8, and the illustration from the life of an Arctic explorer (p. 442). I like, too, the passage on Isaiah's "sacrament of fire" (pp. 73-74); that on the extermination of wild beasts, with its pretty picture of a warm spring day in Palestine (pp. 190-191); and that on forgiveness (p. 326); also the few (designedly few, I suppose) but suggestive pages on the disintegration of Isaiah (pp. 401-404).

Lastly, as to misprints, from which I have suffered only too much myself. On p. 172 (foot), is "Isaiah" an error for "Micah"? On p. 175 (foot), have some lines dropped out? On pp. 350, 351, I like not "Rénan" (twice); nor can I, on p. 394, tolerate "Mahomed."

T. K. CHEYNE.

Personal Memoirs of P. H. Sheridan. (Chatto & Windus)

This is an autobiography of one of the four great soldiers who appeared in the Civil War of America. Lee was the master spirit of that gigantic contest. His operations around Richmond are specimens of admirable skill in war; and it is questionable whether Lee or Moltke is the better strategist of the school of Napoleon. Stonewall Jackson was a consummate officer in the field; and, though we see no genius in the campaigns of Grant, his tenacity, his energy, and his moral power mark him out as a distinguished chief, and he may be said to have combined in himself some of the qualities of Massena and Blücher. The most brilliant, however, of these eminent men was Sheridan, the son of an Irish peasant. Like Clive, he was a warrior as if by instinct, and in some respects one of the most remarkable of the generals of the nineteenth century. He was not tried in the highest parts of his art, and he was not perhaps a scientific soldier; but he possessed in the very highest degree some of the best gifts of a great commander—extraordinary resource in the conduct of war, the faculty of winning the hearts of men and making them capable of heroic deeds, above all, readiness and insight in the field; and he is one of the few chiefs who can point to a career of almost unbroken and striking success. These volumes describe his life and his exploits; and, though

not marked by much literary skill, they form a valuable and most attractive narrative. The author has well worked out the idea which he has made, so to speak, the principle of his book. He has given us a full and clear account of his own experiences of the Civil War, and of the memorable deeds in which he took part; but he has not written a history of the war, and he has carefully abstained from dwelling on phases in the struggle not observed by himself. This is, therefore, an autobiography in the proper sense; and seldom, we should add, has an autobiography been composed in so candid and moderate a spirit, or is so full of keen and intelligent criticism.

Phil Sheridan—this was his name in the camp—was born in 1831, the son of an Irish farmer, who found the home of an emigrant in the wilds of Ohio. He had none of the advantages of book-learning, but he gave early promise of ready cleverness; and he tells us that, from his first youth, he had set his heart on becoming a soldier. He passed into the ranks of the United States Army, from Westpoint, without peculiar distinction; and many a cadet not to be named with him as a warrior had doubtless much more knowledge. He served for some years on the frontier of Texas, engaged in those "piping times of peace" in occasional skirmishes with the Comanches, and in the routine of outpost duties; and in 1855 he received a commission as lieutenant in a regiment of foot, stationed in the far west along the Pacific seaboard. The young officer distinguished himself in tracking and hunting down the savages of the Californian and Oregon tracts; and he displayed such skill in destroying a band of these marauders, and in saving a small outlying settlement of whites, that he was specially noticed by the veteran Scott. At the outbreak of the great Civil War he obtained the command of a regiment of volunteers; and from the first moment he gave signal proof of the high qualities which have made him famous. He quickly won the confidence of his men by attention to their wants and by the power of genius; and at a skirmish at Booneville, on the plains of Missouri, he routed an immensely superior force by one of those daring and brilliant movements which reveal the inspiration of a true chief. This feat of course secured him a brigade. "He is worth his weight in gold," was his superior's phrase; and this promotion was soon followed by his appointment to the command of a division in the army opposed to the Southern forces in the theatre between the Ohio and the Tennessee. The war here raged, with ever changing fortune, from 1862 to 1864; and Sheridan, ere long, made himself conspicuous for his admirable resource and power as a leader. He bore the brunt of the attack at Murfreesboro; and, but for his constancy and ready skill, the issue of that fiercely contested struggle must have been disastrous to the arms of the North. The same qualities were seen at Chickamauga. His attitude checked the efforts of Bragg, and, perhaps, saved Rosencrans's imperiled army, caught as it was in a false movement; and his tenacity and energy are proved by the fact that he lost a third of his troops, though successful. The most remarkable of his gifts, however—his vigour in pursuing a

defeated enemy—was first displayed in the operations of Grant, ending in the battle of Missionary Ridge. Had Granger followed Sheridan's counsels, and seconded him as he ought to have done, the Southern Army of the West would have been utterly destroyed.

The great powers of Sheridan quickly brought him forward in a death struggle like the American War. He was placed at the head of the cavalry of the North, when Grant obtained the supreme command of the Federal Armies in the beginning of 1864. Nature had given him the faculties of a leader of horse; and, under his direction, that arm found its true sphere, and developed resources unknown hitherto to the Union chiefs. Up to this time, the Federal Cavalry had been mainly employed on outpost duties; and it had had no influence in deciding battles, and in determining the issues of campaigns, while the cavalry of the South had achieved great results. All this was changed by the new commander; and Sheridan played a conspicuous part in the memorable advance of Grant on Richmond. Slipping round the flank of Lee, and harassing his rear, he afforded considerable relief to Grant in the terrible engagements on the Virginian frontier; and he skilfully covered the movements of his chief, as, indomitable but reeling under the strokes of Lee, Grant crossed the James, and attained Petersburg. Sheridan, too, performed most important service by destroying the railways around Richmond, and thus isolating the Southern capital; and he acquired for his men the ascendancy of success—an ascendancy they never lost afterwards—by routing the main body of the Confederate horse in a pitched battle under the lines of Richmond. He was transferred, in the autumn of 1864, to the valley of the Shenandoah, to take the command of an army assembled to check a raid on Washington, skilfully planned by Lee, to weaken the grasp of the foe on Richmond; and his operations are of peculiar interest. Sheridan's force was about 26,000 strong, and he was opposed to Early—a capable chief, who, at the head of some 20,000 men, had marched up the valley and affrighted Washington by his rapid and unexpected advance. Bearing his adversary back, Sheridan caught Early and nearly overwhelmed him at the town of Winchester; and a few days afterwards he gained a victory at Fisher's Hill, which, but for the fault of a subordinate, would have destroyed his enemy. An incident soon occurred which shows how great was the personal influence of this most brilliant soldier. Sheridan had repaired to Washington by the President's command; and Early, in his absence, suddenly fell on his army, deprived of its master-spirit and in a position inviting attack. Victory seemed to smile on the Southern chief, and he had, in fact, compelled his foes to fall back; when the sudden appearance of Sheridan on the scene changed as if by magic the turn of events, and converted defeat into complete triumph. Sheridan closed an admirable and important campaign by turning the valley of the Shenandoah into a waste—a cruel expedient, but one which barred a sallyport through which Confederate armies had repeatedly menaced the chief seat of the Union.

Sheridan rejoined Grant in March, 1865, having ravaged the country around Richmond in his march from the valley of the Shenandoah. The end of the Civil War was at hand. Grant and Sherman were approaching each other; and Lee, after a display of genius worthy of the campaign of 1814, was utterly overmatched by his converging foes. Yet the great chief of the South might have effected his escape, and outmanoeuvred Grant for a time, but for the insight and decision of Sheridan, who really brought the struggle to a close. Grant, confident that he could overpower Lee, requested Sheridan to join Sherman, advancing towards Richmond from the Carolinas; but Sheridan properly objected to a move which would have weakened Grant at the decisive point, and Grant, fortunately for himself, yielded. Lee broke up from his lines at Petersburg, and, endeavouring to make his way to the South, fell on the extreme left of the Federal army, his object being to reach Johnston, and, if possible, to prolong the contest. He encountered Sheridan with some success; but Sheridan, skilfully holding his ground, and having been reinforced in time, defeated him with heavy loss at Five Forks; and Grant only spoke the truth when he described this victory as one of the most important of the whole war. The struggle was practically all but over. Lee made desperate efforts to escape, but Sheridan hung in force on his flank; and, in fact, but for the slowness of Meade, who did not co-operate at the fitting moment, his army would have succumbed at Amelia Court House. The catastrophe, however, was merely deferred. Sheridan closed on the line of his retreat, and, as the world knows, the war ended by the historic surrender near the Appomattox.

We have outrun our limits, and cannot dwell on the career of Sheridan after the war. He stood in the highest place in the esteem of his countrymen, and his premature death was widely mourned in the great republic which he had done much to save. He was one of the most distinguished soldiers of an age rich in military fame.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

Addresses on Educational Subjects. By S. S. Laurie. (Cambridge: University Press.)

The reports of the recent Royal Commission on education are, no doubt, as valuable as they are voluminous; but the critic of a happier and more philosophic future will probably be struck less by the immediate practical importance of the evidence collected and conclusions reached than by the absence of authoritative expert opinion on educational questions, as questions of education pure and simple rather than as questions of practical expediency in the presence of partisan difficulties. It is not, of course, that experts were not examined by the Commission: some of the most valuable opinions in England were asked and given. It is not, on the other hand, that the Commissioners were not most intimately acquainted with the subject in hand: many of them are indisputably the highest authorities in the kingdom on most of the practical questions of primary education. But they are also closely associated with the oversight of the working of the Educa-

tion Acts, and have in nearly all cases taken active part in most of the inevitable controversies. It is just this last point which makes one regret the absence from the Commission of really philosophical experts, untainted by partisanship and accustomed to look on education as a whole reasonable system, as one of the conditions of right living necessary to all. With such an immense mass of evidence before him—evidence elicited by the most competent interrogators—the philosopher who was also a king (that is, a member of the Royal Commission) might have done a good deal to take away from many recommendations the unmistakeable flavour of partisanship which does so much to invalidate even what is not manifestly partisan.

Most of the papers in Prof. Laurie's book might serve as chapters to a philosophical introduction to the report. It has just what such documents in general chiefly lack—definite and orderly derivation of details from principles, based on an examination of the constitution of mankind in relation to a philosophy of life. No reasonable man asks that educational matters should be settled for us by expert opinion alone. Exclusively expert opinion can be valuable in dealing with morbid, or, at least, abnormal conditions alone; in health of body and affairs we require no consultation of physicians or lawyers, ordinary matters being sufficiently provided for by empirical practice. Moreover, the popular character of our educational habits, their growth independent of legislation, their democratic and local constitution, all require that for anything like successful remodelling we should have such due regard to lay opinion as to give it a preponderant—or at least an equal—voice in the settlement of educational questions. And yet, while exclusively expert opinion would be nearly valueless in practice, as subject to all sorts of professional bias, it is surely in the highest degree unreasonable to exclude from a law-suggesting or law-making body just those who have special qualifications for dealing with the matters in hand, as purely technical questions, abstractedly.

The two characteristic prejudices that beset the partisans do not, of course, weaken the force of anything that comes from Prof. Laurie. He cannot be supposed, on the one hand, to sympathise with those stunted and niggardly spirits who would deny all education to "our masters," except as much as would render them less likely to turn and strip us; nor, on the other hand, do we find him in accord with those amiable but dangerous lunatics who think that a child's brain is capable of infinite distension, and ought to be filled with detailed information on all things thinkable under the sun, while he can be taught, as well, before he leaves school, all things doable. Prof. Laurie is a theorist, too; but his theories are reasoned, and are not fads and panaceas.

Nothing could be clearer than the fruitful character of the "leading idea," which he suggests as guide and criterion through all educational stages—that is, nutrition: in the first stage, nutrition of feeling, training with a minimum of discipline; in the secondary stage, nutrition by the hard facts of life and concrete ideals with a maximum of discipline;

in the third stage, nutrition through ideas, with self-discipline as a necessary condition. This is one striking result of the principle manifest in all our author's treatment of educational questions—that the end of education is the formation and liberalisation of character. No education can be good which aims at shovelling information or limited manual dexterities into a capacity which is supposed to be of endless proportions. Capacity must be developed, food supplied appropriate in character to each general stage, and intellectual suppleness and strength of moral fibre will follow in the natural order of things. What is true of the university professor is true, *mutatis mutandis*, of teachers in all grades, and even in technical and professional schools, that is, that

"no man is a fit professor who is not alive to the university idea in what he teaches, who does not make his students aware of the intimate relations of all knowledge, the philosophy which permeates and gives significance to every subject. If the student does not attain to this, he has fallen short of the academic aim."

A proper conviction of this truth is indispensable not alone to the teacher, but to all those also who wish to see any particular study or craft take a predominant place in the ordering of the pursuits of any school stage.

In chap. iv. the author addresses himself to the difficulties surrounding the "organization of the curriculum of secondary schools," the consideration of which in detail follows naturally on the subjects dealt with more generally in chap. i. We start again with that statement of the educational aim which has commended itself to all the most sagacious men—Plato, Aristotle, Melancthon, Sturm, Ascham, Montaigne, Milton, Comenius—who have considered the problem at all: the main educational aim is "the wise and capable conduct of life." It will be no real gain to substitute for what is universal what is narrowly practical, though as a means of education, the practical is valuable just in so far as it is universal. Clearly, given two alternative subjects, that is the more valuable which enables the child to deal hereafter with the greatest number of "practical" details. This leads us to place the study of language, as literature, as a synthetic and as an analytic study, at the head of all other studies, "because it is the sole universal in the intellectual education of every human being." This, of course, as Prof. Laurie points out, is nothing new. The most capable people in the world—the Athenians and the Romans—were well aware of it; and the Middle Ages feebly followed. But here is a double-edged caution:

"It was only analytically and with a view to immediate use as an organ of communication that language was taught in the episcopal and monastery schools. Down to the thirteenth century the mediaeval studies were thus not only abstract and grammatical, but they were also, in truth, utilitarian. It was this utilitarianism, the subservience of language to merely ecclesiastical and other necessary uses, that emptied it of all general liberalising influence."

The curriculum which our author suggests as adequate for the secondary stage of education is not a very large one, but he holds that

it has claims to be universal; and it must be confessed that it is hard to gainsay him. It is, as he says, "practical, and fits for life, 'commercial' and other. There is no 'modern' side in education. Education rests on principles." The obvious criticism which will be made on his scheme is that it is too exclusive, and does not provide adequately for all types of intellect. Science, he thinks, is satisfactorily represented in secondary education in the nature-knowledge included under the head of geography. I cannot quite agree with him in all that seems implied by his opinion that "the theory of chemistry and the abstractions of physics are not more educative than the learning of a Greek verb." Mere "theory," strings of facts put together to be learnt by rote, whether they are set forth in the hand-books of chemistry and physics, or in Greek grammars, are nearly useless. But the real teacher does not think of teaching chemistry or physics without experiments, nor Greek verbs without philology. Much more depends on the teacher than Prof. Laurie here admits, though he does full justice to him elsewhere. But he will find many to agree with him heartily in holding that "with humanism will go moral ideals, spiritual life, art, and poetry." Chemistry and physics are certainly inadequate to keep these alive; and Greek verbs, it must be confessed, are little better.

We are favoured with a special chapter on "Liberal Education in the Primary School," which is quite excellent from beginning to end. It should be in the hands of every primary school manager. Its main burden is this: do not sacrifice the general to the particular; your scholars are to be citizens first and handicraftsmen after. He answers Prof. Huxley's invitation to Englishmen to make their blunder cheerfully because no one can quite define technical instruction, by defining it; and probably Prof. Huxley's unusual diffidence lay merely in the fact that he felt the practical objection was too much for him. Take our author's general definition:

"Technical instruction is instruction with a view to gaining a living in some department of industry, or to discharging some specific social function."

Exactly; but this instruction is to be provided in what? for whom? and why?

Technical instruction, as it is usually understood, is like the "rate in aid" of the bad old times. It is hard to see what it can do beyond helping the employers of labour. To some of the workmen, perhaps, it merely opens out opportunities for them to displace present employers. Thus, in a certain great town in the north, a working-man of considerable trades-union influence recently declared publicly that no system of technical training could be considered satisfactory to working men, unless the sons of employers of labour were strictly debarred from its benefits. Unless, therefore, very strict precautions are taken, local authorities may make technical schools usurp the place of the primary school, the right aim of which is to lay the foundation of a liberal and humanising education. Anyhow, there is no need to evade the Factory Acts by passing another bill. It would be simpler to repeal the said Acts.

In all that our author has to say the same

mature sagacity rules. He makes a strong, indeed an unanswerable, appeal for the creation of lectureships on education, for the teaching of the science of education. The hearing of lectures on teaching, of course, cannot make a good teacher; but the ordinary workman is better for technical training, beyond all doubt, and nature has given no special charter to teachers, although sympathy and imagination are more necessary to their success than is the case with any other kind of craftsmen. Of examinations he has many a weighty word to say, and he rightly defines their limits and their proper methods. It is certainly a pity that it is not generally understood how

"if the subject is Aristotle, questions might be so framed as to pluck Aristotle himself, and a Chinaman could do it. If the subject be the interpretation of Robert Browning, anybody could pluck him on his own works."

I think the latter feat has been achieved.

Other subjects treated in this admirable book are free schooling, method in geography teaching, religious education of the young (in which last, however, I feel that Prof. Laurie does not quite rightly understand the immediate practical difficulties), practical hints on class management, and, in an appendix, a most valuable series of suggestions for a possible primary school code. It is a thoroughly practical work in the best sense. It is the work of a real expert.

P. A. BARNETT.

New Zealand of To-Day (1884-1887). By John Bradshaw. (Sampson Low.)

MR. BRADSHAW, having already written *New Zealand as It Is*, now publishes *New Zealand of To-Day*. The former work appeared in 1883; and most of its pages, he tells us, have by this time become obsolete. If we were to judge by the sensation caused in New Zealand by the publication of *Oceana*, we should be inclined to suppose that one of the principal events in its recent history was the visit of Mr. Froude. Mr. Bradshaw devotes his first chapter to a refutation of Mr. Froude; but this is not enough, for in the latter part of his book he more than once returns to the charge and hurla various New Zealand newspapers at his head. Whence is it that Mr. Froude's criticisms have excited such a bitter feeling in New Zealand? We are strongly of opinion that it is because they contain a considerable amount of truth, which touches the *amour propre* of the colonists to the quick. What business, they argue, has a man who only spent three weeks in the colony to express any opinions at all? But a man of Mr. Froude's shrewdness and capacity may learn more in three weeks than some men in as many years. Then the source of his information is said to be evidently Sir George Grey. We may ask, would he have done better to have consulted Sir Robert Stout and Sir Julius Vogel, who were governing, or rather, to follow our author, misgoverning the colony at the time of Mr. Froude's visit? Mr. Froude is said to have been inspired by a malignant fairy, and to have libelled the colony. He had the temerity to question the excellence of the roads in New Zealand. A more recent

traveller has described them in much more pungent language. Again, Mr. Froude speaks harshly of the specimens he saw of the younger generation of colonists. He may be too severe; but it is a common experience that they are inferior to their fathers, and concealed to such a degree that they can admire nothing outside their own island. But Mr. Froude's principal crime consists in his remarks on the state debt and general financial condition of New Zealand. Now Mr. Bradshaw himself admits that, in proportion to the population, the debt of New Zealand is six times greater than that of France; and we all know how the finances of the colony are regarded in the city.

The best justification of *Oceana* is Mr. Bradshaw's own book. He is an unsparing critic; but, probably, the colonists will accept from one of themselves what they would repudiate from a stranger. During the greater part of the period between the dates of his two works, New Zealand was governed by Sir R. Stout, Sir J. Vogel, and Mr. Ballance. This ministry fell, "none too soon," in the summer of 1887. Of the first of these gentlemen, Mr. Bradshaw says that "he is a hobby-rider, rather than a statesman; a theorist, rather than a political economist; a devoted disciple of Mr. Henry George." Mr. Ballance he describes as equally a disciple of Mr. George; and he concludes a full account of Sir J. Vogel in these words: "But the real drift of his every argument is invariably the same; and, however skilfully concealed, would, if accepted in its integrity, involve the legislature in the confusing mazes of protection." Mr. Bradshaw is as severe on many of their measures as on the ministers themselves; and he certainly justifies his censures by what he tells us of relief works, professional agitators, and state education.

In New Zealand, we see the system of state education pushed to its furthest extreme. With the usual "dog in the manger" policy, private schools have been shut up; but, notwithstanding a profligate expenditure, the state, so far as primary schools are concerned, has proved quite unable to keep pace with the requirements of the colony. The system of education is thoroughly faulty, and begins and ends with cram. Here is a specimen:

"The examiner in grammar, composition, &c. in a late scholarship examination, held at Timaru, felt constrained to inform the Board how greatly disappointed he had been with the way in which the candidates did their papers. He asked them to write essays on 'Printing' and 'Newspapers,' and they made a very bad hand of it altogether. One candidate—no doubt a girl—said the newspapers were very useful for announcing births, deaths, and marriages in; and what increased their usefulness was that they were very handy for rapping [sic] up parcels."

A somewhat utilitarian view, which will disgust the apostles of progress!

In his former work Mr. Bradshaw remarks that one great drawback to the system of government in New Zealand is that, as a rule, the colony gets too much law. If that were true in 1883, it has become still more true since; and what would he have said had the new protective tariff been passed before his book was printed? Still, the natural resources of New Zealand are so great that she must

become more and more prosperous and important, in spite of the schemers and pedants who have done so much to retard and injure her.

On all matters connected with agriculture and trade Mr. Bradshaw's work is valuable and interesting. New Zealand is *par excellence* the wheat-growing colony. The average yield of wheat almost equals that of this country, and far surpasses the ridiculous crops grown in Australia. He asserts that on the best lands in the South Island fifty, sixty, and even seventy bushels of that grain are frequently threshed out to the acre. Did this statement rest on less good authority we could hardly accept it. The climate, too, especially of the North Island, is far superior to ours; and yet we are by no means convinced that energy, knowledge, and capital may not be laid out to greater advantage on the land in England than in New Zealand. It is extremely difficult to compare the prices of land in the two countries; but so far as we are able to judge, taking everything into consideration, we believe that farming land is no dearer here than there. With respect to emigration our author is cautious. He points out no doubt many advantages; but he gives as his opinion that no old colonist, if he be wise, will positively advise any man to emigrate. We gather from him what we have found from other writers on the subject, that the people to get on in the colonies are generally those who would get on at home. New Zealand is no place for the feeble, the lazy, or the unthrifty.

WILLIAM WICKHAM.

NEW NOVELS.

A Lost Estate. By Mary E. Mann. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Violet Vyvian, M.F.H. By May Crommelin and J. Moray Brown. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Faithful and Unfaithful. By Margaret Lee. (Macmillan.)

A Nine Men's Morris: Stories Collected and Re-collected. By Walter Herries Pollock. (Longmans.)

The Grey Lady of Hardcastle. Edited by a Friend of the Family. (Burns & Oates.)

The Very Same Man. By Greville Gordon. (Burnet.)

The Blue Ribbon. By the Author of "St. Olave's." (Spencer Blackett.)

MRS. MANN is not a new writer, for on her title page are the names of no fewer than three previous novels; but as a critic who speaks in his own name and for himself alone is free to disclaim the omniscience of the editorial "we," I may frankly confess that until I read *A Lost Estate* she and her work were both unknown to me. The habitual reviewer of fiction is a man who has learned from sad experience not to cherish great expectations, and occasionally this stern repression of hopeful emotion has its reward in a shock of pleasant surprise. Such a surprise is in store for readers of this book, who will wonder, not at all unnaturally, at the comparative obscurity of a writer capable of such powerful and impressive work as is to be

found in the three volumes of *A Lost Estate*. It is not too much to say that the character of Henry Barber, the vigorous, strong-willed, fiery-tempered profligate and misanthrope, whose gentle descent makes itself vaguely manifest through all his coarse brutality, is not unworthy of either Charlotte or Emily Brontë. There is, indeed, in Barber something of Rochester and something of Heathcliff; but he is originally conceived and strongly individualised. He stands on his own feet; and he is no more a duplicate of either Rochester or Heathcliff than they are duplicates of each other. The story of his strange friendship with Tom Merry, who wins his confidence by a total absence of the fear which it is one of the chief delights of his life to inspire, and maintains it by an altogether reckless frankness, is characterised by wonderful imaginative grip and dexterity of literary presentation; and it is not often that we find, in any contemporary novel, passages which in lurid, sombre power can be compared with the scene in which Barber turns Sally Pack out into the darkness, or that other scene in which Barber's guilty wife and the man she has ensnared see his dying face glaring upon them through the doorway. That *A Lost Estate* is a cheerful book is one of the few things which cannot be said in its favour; so it is hardly likely to be appreciated by those who accept Dr. Downward's dictum that "a novel should occasionally make us laugh and always make us comfortable." It will, however, be successful in appealing to that smaller but more select class of readers who are prepared to welcome any imaginative work which illustrates Aristotle's definition of the aim of true tragedy, and who have sufficient discrimination not to mistake for such tragedy the vulgar melodrama, which, instead of purifying the soul by pity and terror, simply revolts the taste, curdles the blood, and sickens the stomach. There is here none of the strain, spasm, and exaggeration which are often commended to us—though not under these names—as evidences of remarkable imaginative and literary power, they being really the surest, the most unmistakable indications of imaginative and literary weakness. To the competent reader the mere power of *A Lost Estate* is not more noticeable than the precision with which it is directed, and the sense of fitness by which it is restrained. It is natural that, on looking back upon the book, such movingly dramatic situations as those to which I have referred should be the first to strike the memory; but they are not forced into artificial prominence. They are not limelight effects in a dull play. They drop into the story quite naturally, just in the same way that great crises drop into very quiet lives; and in simple adequacy of imaginative realisation and presentation they are equalled by the portrait of the quite commonplace Mrs. Merry, and by the pleasant but entirely unexciting chapters devoted to the young days of Archie and Tom and the Waller children. *A Lost Estate*, in short, is an exceptionally strong novel all round—a novel which treats adequately themes the adequate treatment of which testifies to a writer's possession of very unusual ability.

In cases of literary collaboration, the attempt to assign to each collaborator his or her share in the joint work is generally

hopeless. Beaumont and Fletcher, Erckmann and Chatrian, Besant and Rice, are Siamese twins of literature; and, though in our rashness we may easily confound the persons, it is impossible rightly to divide the substance. *Violet Vyvian, M.F.H.*, presents no such difficulties. Two-thirds, or perhaps three-fourths, of the book is devoted to incidents of very miscellaneous sport, and the remainder to a love-story, which is saved from monotony by the machinations of a certain Mrs. O'Brien, who would take a high place in a competition among the wicked beauties of fiction. One can have no hesitation in assigning the love-business to Miss May Crommelin, and the sport to Mr. Moray Brown; for, though a lady may have as intimate a knowledge of hunting as was possessed by that charming feminine M.F.H., Miss Violet Vyvian, she is hardly likely to be able to write like a book upon such diverse masculine amusements as horse-racing, boxing, badger-baiting, rough-shooting, pig-sticking, and tiger-killing, upon all of which Mr. Moray Brown—if I may judge from the titles of his previous works—seems to be an authority. Being in relation to all these fine arts what Mr. Hamerton calls an "atechnic" (I thank thee, scribe, for teaching me that word), I am compelled to accept the sport in unquestioning faith. As I cannot criticise its quality, I can only hope that it is above criticism; and I may, perhaps, incur the contempt of connoisseurs by hinting that the quantity is somewhat excessive. As for Miss Crommelin, she gets on admirably with her love-making and her scheming, considering the narrow limits of the space left her by her badger-baiting and pig-sticking fellow-worker. Jack Ramsay is a chivalrous hero; Violet Vyvian, though fatuously credulous, is a charming heroine; and Mrs. O'Brien is a past mistress in the pleasing arts of lying and letter-suppression. *Violet Vyvian, M.F.H.*, is not a very substantial book, but it is vivacious and decidedly readable.

Faithful and Unfaithful is the reverse of vivacious; and though I cannot, without falling to the mendacious level of Mrs. O'Brien, call it unreadable, I myself having worked my way from the beginning to the end of it, I cannot honestly commend it to those by whom the quality of readability in a novel is regarded as essential. It appears that the book has been published in the United States under the title of *Divorce*, which, we suppose, did not commend itself to the taste of the highly decorous firm who are its English sponsors. Its latest title is sufficiently meaningless to be appropriate to a very dreary series of pictures of the seamy side of married life, as exhibited among the rich vulgar of New York. If it has secured more readers in America than it seems likely to secure in England, it may possibly be effective as a protest against the utterly disgraceful divorce laws which prevail in some of the States, and which are, it seems, recognised and held valid throughout the Union; but the lighter ends of entertainment aimed at by the ordinary novel it certainly will not achieve. Even the patronage of Mr. Gladstone will, I think, fail to ensure popularity for *Faithful and Unfaithful*.

It is not easy to find an explanation for the title which Mr. Walter Herries Pollock has

given to his volume of stories, unless it be an admission that he is conscious of leading his readers through a strange dance. Not one of these tales could have been written save by an exceedingly clever man; and yet, with one exception, they are distinguished by a fantastic perversity, or, rather, a perverse fantasticality, which is in excess of the cleverness, and rather overpowers it. Mr. Pollock seems to aim at a grotesque treatment of supernatural motifs—at a combination of the creepy and the farcical; and the discordant elements refuse to combine for any other end than the spoiling of each other. "Mr. Morton's Butler," for example, is a nightmare without terrors, and such a nightmare has no reason of being. The four stories of which this is the second remind me forcibly of some similar literary experiments made by Edgar Poe, and Poe's failure might have warned Mr. Pollock of the very small chance of success. The best told story is that entitled "Edged Tools," written in collaboration with Mr. Brander Matthews; but there is something inexpressibly irritating in a mere recital of wonders detached from all antecedents and all consequents. "Lilith," the first and longest of the nine stories, is also the least faulty. The heroine somehow eludes the imagination; but the latter half of the tale has some picturesque effects, and the catastrophe is led up to very skilfully. On the whole, however, the book strikes me as being a brilliant failure.

In ultra-Protestant circles, I believe, "insidious" is the word generally used to describe a book in which a more or less attractive tale is made a vehicle for the inculcation of Romish doctrine; but the epithet cannot be applied with even a show of reason to *The Grey Lady of Hardcastle*. The powder of Catholic truth—I impartially vary my phrases—is not even concealed from sight by the jam of narrative, while the taste is quite as pungent as it would be were there no jam at all. The story is thin enough to appeal to nervous readers who are afraid of excitement; and the ghost, who turns out to be a sleep-walking servant girl, is the most ineffectual spectre I have ever encountered.

The Very Same Man is a story of a criminal who escapes capture by taking a drug which produces the appearance of death. He is supposed to have been buried, but has actually got away to Sweden, reappearing upon the scene in the character of his own cousin. The opening chapters of the book are much the best part of it; as the plot thickens the working out of it becomes somewhat clumsy and confusing.

The Blue Ribbon is simply a new and cheap edition of an attractive novel by that always pleasant writer, the author of *St. Olave's* and *Janita's Cross*. It is a decidedly readable book.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

SOME BOOKS ON ANCIENT HISTORY.

The History of the Roman Republic: abridged from the History by Prof. Mommsen. By C. Bryants and F. J. R. Hendy. (Bentley.) We have often wondered why an enterprise like this was not undertaken before. Dr. Momms-

sen's work has been on too large a scale for schoolboys to attack it with much of profit; but its salient points might well have been picked out and made accessible to the rising generation. The task has now been undertaken with excellent discretion by two editors, who bring to it knowledge and interest of their own. It is no easy work to reduce the scale of an important book; but in this case it seems that the scale has been reduced, and that the proportions have not suffered. The abridgment must have cost an amazing quantity of trouble; but the result is that everything is in its place, and that a reader familiar with the large history finds in the small one a survey which reminds him of views taken through the wrong end of a telescope. Everything is diminished, nothing is distorted. It is true that we miss the brilliant chapters on "Religion" and "Literature"; but, on the other hand, the editors have added an introductory chapter on the authorities for Roman history, and have placed throughout the work notes giving in more detail the evidence for particular subjects or views.

Imperium Romanum Tributum Discriptum. J. W. Kubitschek. (Prag: Tempsky; Leipzig: Freytag.) Drier than a gazetteer, nearly as dry as a table of statistics, this little work will yet be of great value to the historian. By slow degrees it is becoming possible to construct something like a full picture of the old Roman world. Information is flowing in on us on every hand; and what we want, perhaps, as much as anything just now is co-ordinators of that information—men who can sort it, arrange it, tabulate it. A hard head, a good memory, and a clear method are needful for this particular task; and all three Herr Kubitschek seems to possess. He names under each province every township in it of which we can say with confidence to what tribe its citizens belonged; gives his authorities, epigraphical or other, and adds some particulars of the administrative history of the town. This sort of work is indispensable for the minute or detailed study of any province, and we owe Herr Kubitschek thanks for undertaking it. It is interesting too to see how rarely, for obvious reasons, Roman tribes can be traced in the Greek East, and how often in the Romanised West. In Britain, however, "de tribu ne unius quidem oppidi constat." The tombstones of soldiers found in Britain naturally do not tell us what we seek. It is curious that the children born "in canabis," in the vicinity of a Roman camp, should, on receiving citizenship, have been drafted into the Pollian tribe, "utpote quae pollutum putaretur"; and we may hope that some military jokes were better than this. For the theoretical considerations which underlie and give a meaning to his collected facts, Herr Kubitschek appeals to his *De Romanarum Tribuum Origine ac Propagatione* (1882).

De Pontificum Romanorum inde ab Augusto usque ad Aurelianum Condicione Publica. Scriptit P. Habel. (Breslau: Koebner.) Although C. Bardt in 1871 dealt with *Die Priester der vier grossen Collegien aus römisch-republikanischer Zeit*, no one before Dr. Habel has specially examined their position in the early imperial period. Dr. Habel's present work is divided into two parts. He gives us the Fasti of the office, and then goes on to a number of interesting questions about the pontifices, as to their official position rather than their religious duties. How were they appointed? By whom? From whom? Was the office held for life? When and how did an emperor, who was not already a pontifex, attain at one step the *pontificatus maximus*? How far is it true that only that Caesar was admitted to the pontificate whom the reigning emperor wished to succeed him? In these and other matters Dr. Habel makes out a good case for the

existence of fixed rules, more or less disguised by the inexact writing of Latin authors. But the more successful he is in doing this, the less willing are we to accept his explanation why the *pontificatus maximus* is often omitted among the titles on the coins of T. Antoninus Pius. "Pius," he says, "pro dignitate pontificis maximi videtur esse substitutus." But this is improbable among a people so wedded to set forms as the Romans; and it seems still less likely when we remember how uncertain Spartianus and Lampridius were as to why the emperor was ever called Pius. If the Life of Hadrianus (xxvii. 3) is consistent with (we will not say supports) Dr. Habel's view, cxxiv. 3, and the Life of Heliogabalus (vii. 10) give accounts inconsistent therewith. At page 87 Dr. Habel throws doubt on Marquardt's statement that pontifices were irremovable, but he can produce no evidence on his side. The essay, however, is a good specimen of careful and independent research.

De Q. Asconii Pediani Fontibus ac Fide. Scriptit Carolus Lichtenfeldt. (Breslau: Koebner.) Dr. Lichtenfeldt has written a good deal less about the *fides* than about the *fontes* of Asconius, probably because he felt that in one sense the *fides* was above suspicion. Asconius was a loyal and truthful writer, too interested in his matter for its own sake to wish to falsify it for any ulterior ends. But in another sense we feel our belief in his authority shaken by the careful and almost exhaustive survey of Dr. Lichtenfeldt. The remains of Asconius are few enough; and, when we have seen how much of them is certainly, and how much probably, due to recoverable authorities—to Cicero, Livy, Sallust, Fenestella, the *Acta*, and other sources—we begin to doubt whether a man who incorporated whole passages in such a way that they can be identified and traced (some passages which must have come originally from Livy or Sallust can be recognised even in the Greek version of Dion Cassius—"Qui quam saepe Livii scrinia compilaverit in dies magis patefit") can have properly assimilated them with his other reading, or worked them up in his own mind. Had he, in fact, made what he copied really his own? If not, his judgment is worth little to us, and he may even have misunderstood what he did copy. Dr. Lichtenfeldt has, of course, had the benefit of being preceded by Madvig (1828); he has not had to work up all the material for himself. But still, we are grateful to him for the care and skill with which he has set the material forth. His Latin is for the most part smooth and agreeable, though there are a few rather late, or rather early, words in it. *Compluries* seems to have no advantage over *pluries*. On p. 4, para. 3, *quae* is probably a misprint for *qua*.

Observationes in Cassium Dionem. Scriptit J. Maisel. (Berlin: Calvary.) Of the various and rather disconnected discussions about Dion which are contained in this pamphlet of twenty-four pages, the most interesting is, perhaps, Dr. Maisel's attempt to discover what MS. was used by Leonicenus (M. Nicolo Leoniceno), the first translator, in his Italian version of a large part of Dion. The work of Leonicenus appeared in 1526, two years after his death, but some years earlier than the *editio princeps* of the text was published by R. Stephanus. Dr. Maisel expresses himself with praiseworthy caution; but he makes it appear probable that, if Leonicenus and Stephanus did not use the same MS., their MSS. at least were very similar, and that Leonicenus may well have used the *Codex Venetus* 396, which differs but little from the readings of Stephanus. Beyond probabilities we cannot get at present, partly from the want of an adequate *apparatus criticus* for Dion's text, and partly from the free and even faulty character of Leonicenus's translation.

NOTES AND NEWS.

OWING to the recent rapid development of their business, Messrs. Griffith, Farran, Okeden and Welsh, are obliged to build larger premises. They have secured a prominent site in Charing Cross Road, close to Covent Garden, where building operations will begin at once. They hope that their new premises, which will bear the name of "Newbery House" in memory of the founder of the business, will be ready for their occupation in June or July next. Thus, after 150 years, the old business at the corner of Saint Paul's Churchyard will follow the example of so many others and migrate to the west of London, and another ancient landmark of the city will disappear.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & Co. will publish in a few days *Four Famous Soldiers*, by Mr. T. R. E. Holmes, author of "A History of the Indian Mutiny." The volume will consist of biographies of Sir Charles Napier, Hodson of Hodson's Horse, Sir William Napier, and Sir Herbert Edwards, which, though short, are based upon independent research. It will be illustrated with a map and two plans.

MR. LINLEY SAMBOURNE has undertaken the illustration of a fresh volume of political squibs from the pen of Mr. C. L. Graves, which will shortly be issued by Messrs. Sonnenschein & Co., under the title of *More Blarney Ballads*. This series contains fewer travesties in dialect but, like its predecessor, is concerned exclusively with humorous phases of the Home Rule controversy. A fourth edition of the original collection is to be issued at once.

MESSRS. KERR & RICHARDSON, of Glasgow, announce for publication by subscription a Concordance to the poems and songs of Burns, compiled by Mr. J. B. Reid. All the dialectal or unusual words will be explained; and full quotations are given of each use of the word, with references to the title of the poem and (in the case of long poems) to the number of the line. The text adopted is that published in the lifetime of the poet, or the earliest editions of the posthumous poems. The total number of words given exceeds 8000, with an average of five quotations to every word. The work, which will consist of about 600 pages, double columns, large octavo, will be handsomely printed and strongly bound.

DR. WILLIAM LEECH has nearly completed an elaborate history of French literature, based entirely upon independent research. This gentleman, formerly resident in New York, was the author of the poetical satire, *The Obliviad*, which roused such a storm of critical wrath some ten years ago.

MISS E. H. HICKEY will publish a new volume of poems in the spring, with Messrs. G. & A. Arnold, of Liverpool, under the title of *Verse-Tales, Lyrics, and Translations*.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHEIN will have ready shortly a translation of Viktor Rydberg's *Teutonic Mythology*, edited from the Swedish, with notes, &c., by Rasmus B. Anderson, American Minister at Copenhagen. The book will be in two demy volumes.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces two volumes of verse for early publication—*Kaeso: a Tragedy of the Early Church*, and *Through Cloud and Sunshine: a Collection of Original Hymns and Sacred Songs*, by E. G. Sergeant.

THE next volume in the series of "Canterbury Poets" will be Bayard Taylor's version of *Faust*, with some of Goethe's minor poems, translated by Miss Elizabeth Craigmyle.

MR. W. P. W. PHILLIMORE—who shares with Mr. Walter Rye the credit of both conceiving and carrying into execution the work left undone by our historical societies, and

whose *Index Library* forms a marvellous monument of labour for a single man—has issued a proposal for a series of Gloucester and Bristol Records. Provided that only two hundred subscribers will guarantee half a guinea each a year, he proposes to publish in quarterly parts (1) the *Calendars of Wills* at Gloucester and Bristol, in similar form to those he has already printed for Northamptonshire and Rutlandshire; (2) the *Marriage Licenses* at Gloucester, from 1661 downwards; and (3) the *Feet of Fines* for the county, such as Mr. Walter Rye has given for Norfolk. Subscribers should address themselves to Mr. C. J. Clark, 4, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

MR. J. MEADOWS COWPER, of Watling Street, Canterbury, wants a few more subscribers to his series of Canterbury Parish Registers, of which only 106 copies are printed privately. He is now engaged on those of St. Mary Magdalene, 1559-1800; and he has, since his return from Paris in 1880, issued those of St. Dunstan's, 1559-1880; St. Peter's, 1560-1880; and St. Alphege, 1558-1880. If he can get subscribers to pay his printer and binder, he proposes to issue a register a year for the next ten years, copying and editing the whole gratis. He has an Index of 40,000 references complete, but delays it for another volume or two. He has also printed his own parish-books, an abstract of the registers of Holy Cross, and the Churchwardens' Accounts of St. Dunstan's, 1483-1500; besides the *Memorials of Holy Cross* and a *Handbook to Canterbury*. Mr. Cowper still keeps up his extracting for the Philological Society's Dictionary, which he began five and twenty years ago.

THE council of the Harleian Society have just completed the second volume of the *Marriages at St. George, Hanover Square*, from 1788 to 1809, edited by Mr. J. H. Chapman. It makes a portly book of nearly 600 pages. It contains the marriage of the late Duke of Sussex with the daughter of the fourth Earl of Dunmore, which was afterwards declared null and void; also the entry of the marriage of the twelfth Earl of Derby with the celebrated actress, Miss Farran, besides many other entries of note.

Another's Crime, a dramatic romance of real life, by Mr. Julian Hawthorne (from the diary of Inspector Byrnes, chief of the New York detective force), is to be commenced in No. 281 of *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, published on February 13.

WE have received from Messrs. Dean & Son *Debrett* for 1889, which comes out with commendable promptitude after the opening of the year. We are glad to find that the editor has at last thought fit to omit his derivation (upon which we have more than once commented) of "sire" from the Greek! Only the other day we traced back this portentous etymology to an early issue of *Angliae Notitia*. An interesting feature of *Debrett* is the tabular statement of honours that have been conferred, and hereditary dignities that have become extinct, in the last twenty years. Many people will be surprised to learn that, during 1888, the net total of peers diminished by one, and the baronets by two. Nor was last year altogether exceptional in this respect, though jubilee creations and changes of ministry have, of course, produced a large total increase in a series of years.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

GREAT interest is felt at Cambridge in the election to the provostship of King's College, vacant by the death of Dr. Okes, which is to take place to-day. Prof. Henry Sidgwick is the candidate of those who, in the words of the

college statutes, maintain that the head should be "distinguished for his attainments in theology, literature, or science."

WE must be content this week briefly to record the death of our valued contributor, Dr. Gudbrand Vigfusson, university lecturer at Oxford in Icelandic literature and antiquities, and joint-editor with Mr. F. York Powell of the *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*. An interesting "in memoriam" notice of the man and his work, signed C. P., appears in the *Oxford Magazine* for February 6.

PROF. HENRY NETTLESHIP has undertaken to edit Seyffert's *Dictionary of Classical Antiquities* for Messrs. Sonnenschein.

THE annual address to the students of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching will be delivered this year by Prof. Max Müller, at the Mansion House, on Saturday, February 23, at 3.30 p.m. The subject of the address will be "Some Lessons of Antiquity," and the Lord Mayor will preside.

WE should have included Dr. R. E. Brünnow, son of the former Astronomer Royal for Ireland, among the candidates for the Laudian professorship of Arabic at Oxford. Dr. Brünnow was formerly of Trinity College, Dublin, and afterwards pursued his oriental studies under Profs. Nöldeke and Socin. He is the author of several works on Arabic literature.

IT is understood that Prof. A. H. Keane, Mr. J. Y. Buchanan, and Mr. J. T. Wills, are candidates for the lectureship in geography at Cambridge, vacant by the resignation of Dr. Guillemard. The appointment is vested jointly in the University and the Royal Geographical Society.

SIR F. A. GORE OUSELEY, professor of music at Oxford, will deliver a public lecture in the Sheldonian Theatre, on Thursday, March 7, upon "The Ancient Forms of Dance Music in England," with illustrations on the pianoforte.

AT a meeting of the Ashmolean Society at Oxford, on Monday next, February 11, the following papers will be read: "A Photometer for measuring Light radiated in different Directions," by Mr. A. Vernon-Harcourt; and "An Electric Chronograph" and "Some new Forms of High Resistance," by the Rev. F. J. Smith.

ACCORDING to the *Oxford Magazine*, there have been forty-two elections to fellowships during the past four and a half years, showing an average of about nine a year. This compares with an average of about fifteen a year two decades ago. Of the total number of fellowships, fourteen, or just one-third, are stated to have been gained by members of New College, six by Balliol, and four by Magdalen.

TRANSLATION.

THE SEAFARER.

(From Old English.)

True, true is the tale I can tell of my voyaging over the sea,
Sore time of trouble and toil and of bitter heart-sorrow to me;
And keen was the care I endured in my keel when under me swept
The terrible surge of the sea, and all through the darkness I kept
My weary watch in the prow till my keel on a reef was tost,
And my feet were benumbed with cold and bound in fetters of frost.
But hot round my heart, 'mid the cold, rushed the sigh of the sorrows I bore,
And my soul sea-weary and worn a ravening hunger bore.
But never a man who joys in his home on the land can know,
In his home on the ice-cold sea, the depth of the exile's woe;

When far from the friend who could cheer the winter's weariful hours,
The time hath robed him in ice, and the hail is flying in showers.
And nought did I hear but the roar of the surge of the ice-cold sea,
And the song of the swan and the cry of the gannet gave solace to me.
The bark of the seal was a joy like the laughter of men that is true,
And a joy like the drinking of mead was the cry of the wild sea-mew.
When the roar of the hurricane swept round the cliffs that towered to the sky,
Though its wings were as wings of ice I could hear the sea-swallow reply;
And the eagle screamed to the storm, though its wings were bedrenched with dew,
But to comfort my joyless soul O never a friend I knew.
And never a man believes, who has felt but the joy of life
In the joyous city, and knows but little of struggle and strife,
And never a man believes who is proud and flown with wine,
How oft on the paths of the sea alone I must linger and pine,
When the snowstorm blows from the north and the hailstones leap to the ground,
And the earth is fettered with rime and the shadows of night fall round.
But thoughts like the blast of a storm, the thoughts of my ocean home,
Swept over my heart and I o'er the heaving brine must roam.
And never an hour went by but the longing came over me
Far hence to voyage alone and the land of the stranger see.
There is never a man on earth though ever so proud of mood,
Though fired with the glow of youth and a merciful giver of good,
Though he glory in valorous deeds and his lord may bountiful be,
But sighs with a trust in God to traverse the paths of the sea.
His heart is not set on the sound of the harp nor on worldly things,
And he reck not a woman's love, and he scorneth a treasure of rings,
And nought else on the earth have I known save the surge of the billows be
A joy to the longing soul that pines for the heaving sea.
When the earth awakes in the spring and the blossom is seen on the spray,
When the city and fields look fair and the cuckoo is singing his lay,
When the watchman of summer sings his sorrowful song, then he
Is wrung with a bitter grief who is eager to roam the sea.

GEORGE R. MERRY.

OBITUARY.

COUNT RIANT.

Moscow: Jan. 31, 1889.

THE death of this true scholar on December 17, 1888, at St. Maurice (Canton Valais), after long illness, at the early age of 52, should not pass without notice.

Although personally little known in England, the works which M. Riant published have won warm recognition among our students of history as the outcome of a spirit of untiring scientific inquiry and critical judgment, which has given to the world valuable texts hitherto unknown or little accessible. His wide learning and varied studies were persistently directed to one branch of history, to which he devoted his life—that of the crusades, and of Christian institutions in the East. To this object, the materials for which already lay thickly to hand in France, he procured the collaboration not only of eminent French, but of German, Italian,

Swiss, and English scholars, scrutinising every detail with infinite care.

M. Riant's theses for the degree of Docteur ès Lettres in 1865—*Expéditions et pèlerinages des chrétiens en Terre Sainte au temps des Croisades*, and *Haymaro Monacho archiepiscopo Caesariensi* (the second, containing the text of a poem on the taking of Acre in 1191, was reprinted at Lyons in 1866)—showed his early bias; but it was not till some years had passed that he began to put forth the fruit of his continued labours. An edition of Thaddeus of Naples—*Magistri Thadei neapoletoni hystoria de desolatione et conculatione civitatis Acconis* (Geneva, 1873)—was followed two years later by his edition of Gunther's *Historia Constantinopolitana* (Geneva, 1875). In *Exuviae sacrae Constantinopolitanae* (Geneva, 1877-78) he pointed out a fresh source of documents as to the crusade of 1204. He also brought out a new edition of Comenius—*Alexii Comenii Romanorum imperatoris ad Robertum I. Flandriae comitem epistola spuria* (Geneva, 1879). To all these he prefixed introductions or essays (in French), enriched by his intimate acquaintance with the literature of the subject. During the same years he also published various articles in the *Mémoires* of the French Society of Antiquaries, and of the Académie des Inscriptions, and in other learned publications.

Perhaps, however, the chief monument to M. Riant's energy and catholic learning is the Société de l'Orient Latin, which he founded in 1875, and continued to direct in the intervals of illness till his death, contributing largely to its material support. Some notice of the publications of this society was given in the ACADEMY of February 16, 1884. Eight volumes have been printed up till now, three belonging to the geographical series, five to the historical, consisting of careful editions of the earliest itineraries of travellers and pilgrims to Palestine, descriptions of the Holy Land, and other large texts from early writers. M. Riant also carried on a publication involving enormous labour and research, the *Archives de l'Orient Latin*, of which two thick volumes (in 1881 and 1884) have as yet appeared; and which is, to use the words of his friend M. Paul Meyer, in the *Revue Critique* of January 6—"Un recueil de matériaux, de descriptions, de manuscrits, de dépouillements variés se rapportant à l'Orient chrétien," comparable to the *Archiv* of Peltz. These volumes, illustrated by plates, are a perfect mine of valuable and curious information, contributed by various specialists. The latest work of M. Riant seen by the present writer is the first part of a history of the bishops and the bishopric of Bethlehem—a thick volume issued last year; the second part, towards which he had collected much curious material, including what relates to the English bishops of that see, unhappily remains unfinished.

M. Riant filled a place in generous, worthy scholarship which will not easily be supplied.

L. T. S.

DR. P. A. TIBBLE.

Utrecht: January 29, 1889.

ON January 22, there died at Utrecht the well-known author and highly distinguished librarian, P. A. Tiele, doctor of literature *honoris causa*.

Dr. Tiele was born at Leiden in 1834, and received his early training in the Amsterdam Library under the archaeologist, Frederick Muller. From Amsterdam he went to Leiden, as keeper of printed books in the university library; and he catalogued the books in both these libraries in a masterly manner. In 1878 he was appointed to the university librarianship at Utrecht. And here, again, despite weak health, he not only compiled both alphabetical and classified catalogues of the printed books,

but also revised, in accordance with modern principles, the very unsatisfactory catalogue of our numerous MSS. already in existence. Of his other publications I can only mention his "bibliothèque" of pamphlets on Dutch history; his *Mémoire bibliographique sur les journaux des navigateurs néerlandais*; his bibliography of geography and ethnology; his history of the voyages of discovery since the fifteenth century; and his history of the Europeans in the Malay archipelago. He was known, too, in England by his contributions to the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and by his critical notes to the *Itineraria* of H. van Linschoten.

The death of Dr. Tiele is a great loss to Holland, for his equal as a bibliographer will not easily be found.

J. H. GALLÉE.

[The *Itineraria* of Van Linschoten referred to above was published by the Hakluyt Society, in two volumes, in 1885. The editing of the first volume was the last thing accomplished by the great Indian scholar, Arthur Coke Burnell; the second volume was edited by P. A. Tiele, who also contributed the introduction. Of Tiele's share in the work Sir R. F. Burton wrote, in the ACADEMY of March 27, 1886, "It may be said, with all-sufficient praise, that he has worthily finished a task worthily begun."—ED. ACADEMY.]

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE February number of the *Expositor* (Hodder & Stoughton) is a well-varied one, but no article comes up to Prof. W. M. Ramsay's in general interest. His examination of two specimens of Phrygian hagiology is well worth reading. Dr. Davidson, of Edinburgh, replies to Dr. Bruce on a point of exegesis, wherein the two commentators differ (Heb. ii. 9). Dr. Bruce himself has only advanced in his exposition to Heb. ii. 11-18. Dr. E. G. King gives a study of the Hallel (Ps. cxiii.-cxviii.), tracing the connexion of the Psalms with the seven feasts in Lev. xxiii., characterised by much independence of view. Prof. Delitzsch explains his relations to Salkinson as a translator of the New Testament into Hebrew, and gives particulars as to his own work. Dean Chadwick begins a character-picture of the Apostles.

THE *Jewish Quarterly* (David Nutt) for January fully maintains its high opening. Among the most interesting articles is Dr. Neubauer's on the "Lost Tribes," with members of whom a certain supposed Eldad the Danite professed to have communicated; Archbishop Trench (see his poem on the River Sambation) would have appreciated this paper. Mr. Schechter's plea for dogma will find perhaps almost too much sympathy. Mr. Montefiore claims the right to speak of mystic passages in the Psalms, and makes a valuable contribution to Biblical theology. Prof. Sayce, in his clear, keen style, gives a historical study of the Book of Hosea. He suggests that "Jareb" was the original private name of Sargon, as Pul was of Tiglath-Pileser.

THE current number of the quarterly *Revue des Etudes Juives* contains a first article on Abu Zarariah ben Bilam's glosses on Isaiah, for which a MS. in the Firkovitch collection in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg has been used by M. Derenbourg. Ben Bilam was born at Toledo about 1020, and maintained a constant rabbinical war with Moses HaCohen ibn Gikatila, one of whose "misleading and corrupting opinions" (arguing about Joshua's sun and moon) was: "It is, for me, impossible that continuous motion should ever intermit." An interesting paper on the folk-tale talismans that give notice of danger hanging over absent

friends is by the manager of the review, M. Israel Lévi. Among such magic alarms are the ring-stone that gets dim or else breaks; the krug of beer that foams over; the bottle of water or milk that gets muddy, or else black or red; the blood that comes on a bright knife-blade, or on a horse's legs; the three drops of fish's blood that boil up; or the laurel that withers and dies, which last, strangely enough becomes a "tree of life" in a Kalmuk tale. A striking Talmudic expression here turns up. Abisa, hastening to the aid of David, on seeing blood in the water, arrives at the same moment he sets out, "for the ground shrank up under him." Another rabbinical utterance, not always now borne out by heredity, is that "children resemble the brother of their mother." It is referable, no doubt, to a matriarchal past. An article on the Jews of Touraine gives one of the innumerable local records of the insane fourteenth-century phantasm of the Jews and Lepers poison-plot. M. Isidore Loeb completes his commentary on Joseph Hacohen, busying himself on this occasion chiefly, and minutely, with the various chronologies. And there are, as usual, several notes and miscellaneous communications, and some pages on the Tetragram under its title of *shem hamephorash*.

SLAVONIC PUBLICATIONS.

THE third part of the second volume of the *Prace Filologiczne* ("Philological Studies"), edited by Baudoin de Courtenay, Karlowicz, Krynski, and Malinowski, has appeared recently at Warsaw. It contains many valuable papers on Slavonic philology, especially the Polish branch of it. We may call special attention to that of A. Kalina on the history of Slavonic conjugation, which throws so much light on that of the Indo-European languages generally; A. Krynski's publication of the Polish glosses in a work by Balthasar Opec; and Prof. Malinowski, of Cracow, on the Polish suffixes—*-enstvo*, *-arnia*, and the phonetics of some Polish dialects. A. Krynski contributes an obituary notice of Jan Hanusz, who died in July 1887 at Paris, aged twenty-nine years. His brilliant talents and untiring industry gave promise that he would become one of the most eminent Slavists. This review appears in Polish.

An interesting work has just been published in Russian at Warsaw by M. Vinaver, being an essay which gained a gold medal at that university. It is on the old Polish law-book preserved in the public library of Elbing, which dates from the thirteenth century, and was first published by Helcel in 1868. Its contents were hardly known till that year, as its owner, Stadtstrath Friedrich Neumann, like some persons among ourselves, refused to let anyone see the volume, which also contains an old Prussian vocabulary, explained in German. In the latter years of his life, however, he allowed the book to be copied; and, besides the law-book by Helcel, the vocabulary was also published by Nesselmann—*Ein Deutsch-preussisches Vocabularium* (Königsberg, 1868). At his death Neumann bequeathed the MS. to the public library of Elbing.

W. R. MORFILL.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

BESSO, M. *Roma nei proverbi e nei modi di dire.* Rome: Loescher. 5 fr.
CAENOU, H., et J. NICOLAIDES. *Traditions populaires de l'Asie Mineure.* Paris: Maisonneuve. 7 fr. 50 c.
FERNEUIL, Th. *Les Principes de 1789 et la science sociale.* Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.
HENNEQUIN, E. *Etudes de critique scientifique: gourvaises françaises.* Paris: Didier. 3 fr. 50 c.
LESTRADE, Combes de. *Éléments de Sociologie.* Paris: Alcan. 5 fr.

REINACH, Joseph. *La Foire Boulangiste.* Paris: Victor-Harvard. 3 fr. 50 c.
ROSSIGNOL, J. P. *De l'éducation et de l'instruction des hommes et des femmes chez les anciens.* Paris: Labitte. 6 fr.
SCHWICKER, J. H. *Geschichte der ungarischen Literatur.* Leipzig: Friedrich. '5 M.
SIMON, Jules. *Souviens-toi du deux-Décembre.* Paris: Victor-Harvard. 3 fr. 50 c.

HISTORY, ETC.

BERTAND, P. *Lettres inédites de Talleyrand à Napoléon, 1800-1809.* Paris: Didier. 7 fr. 50 c.
MAURENBRECHER, W. *Geschichte der deutschen Königswahlen vom 10. bis 13. Jahrhundert.* Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 3 M. 40 Pf.
SATHAS, C. *Μημεία Ἑλληνικῆς Ἰστορίας.* T. 8. Paris: Maisonneuve. 20 fr.
SIMON, Rémi. *Annales de Domingo. Francisco de San Anton Munoz Chimalpahin Quauhtlehuanitzin (1688-1812).* Paris: Maisonneuve. 30 fr.
WALLON, H. *Les représentants du peuple en mission, et la justice révolutionnaire dans les départements en l'an II. (1793-4).* T. 2. L'ouest et le sud-ouest. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.
ZUCKERKANDL, R. *Zur Theorie d. Preises, m. besond. Berücksicht. der geschichtl. Entwicklg. der Lehre.* Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 8 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

ANDREE, R. *Ethnographische Parallelien u. Vergleiche. Neue Folge.* Leipzig: Veit. 7 M. 50 Pf.
BRETHFELD et RUELLE. *Collection des anciens Alchimistes grecs.* Paris: Steinheil. 80 fr.
DIENKE, C. *Geologische Studien im südwestlichen Graubünden.* Leipzig: Freytag. 2 M. 30 Pf.
DUBUC, Paul. *Essai sur la méthode en métaphysique.* Paris: Alcan. 5 fr.
JANNASCH, P. *Gesammelte chemische Forschungen.* 1. Bd. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 5 M.
LÁSKA, W. *Sammlung v. Formeln der reinen u. angewandten Mathematik.* 2. Ltg. Braunschweig: Vieweg. 6 M. 50 Pf.
LEHMANN, E. *Die verschiedenenartigen Elemente der Schopenhauer'schen Willenslehre.* Straßburg: Trübner. 3 M.
PUTSAGE, Etude de science réelle. Paris: Alcan. 5 fr.
SCHIERHOLZ, C. *Ueb. Entwicklung der Unioniden.* Leipzig: Freytag. 8 M. 40 Pf.

PHILOLOGY.

CHABANEAU, Le Romanz de Saint Fanuel etc., publié d'après le manuscrit de Montpellier. Paris: Maisonneuve. 7 fr.
GUILLAUME, l'abbé Paul. *Istorio de Sanct Ponc.* Paris: Maisonneuve. 7 fr. 50 c.
STRAEHLER, G. *De caesuris versus Homericis cap. I.* Breslau: Koebner. 1 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE OLD ENGLISH GLOSS "ELMAWES," AND WÜLCKER'S VOCABULARY.

Cambridge: Feb. 2, 1889.

If Mr. Hessels, before writing the letter which appears in the ACADEMY of to-day, had consulted me, I might have prevented him from making some mistakes both of omission and commission in transcribing a very plain piece of fifteenth-century MS. As I agree with him that there is a disadvantage in abridging extracts which contain obscure glosses, I give the gloss in question exactly as it stands in the MS. (O. 5. 4, Trinity College Library, Cambridge):

"Lameris riū hec 'i' lamia/ uel an^{co} Elmawes."

That is all to which the gloss has reference. But the next article is "Lamia," which, being too long to be completed in one line, is continued in the line above, after the word "Elmawes" which ends the article "Lameris." From this it is clearly marked off by a coloured symbol, and to ensure against mistake the scribe bracketed the two lines together and placed an *a* against the lower and a *b* against the upper one. The article "Lamia" therefore reads thus:

"Lamia mi hec cor p^o crudelior est suis fetibus aliis bestiis quia suos catulos laniat pedes habet equinos facie homis et a feminea G^o [Gregorius] dicit q^o habet huⁿ spm sed corpus bestiale."

It will be seen that Mr. Hessels has written "Helmawes" for "Elmawes," has attached to a complete sentence an imperfect

part of another sentence, has omitted "Gregorius," which he apparently could not read, and has then changed "dicit" to "dicitur."

I am glad to have this opportunity of explaining what my connexion with these glosses has been. They were transcribed more than twenty years ago merely for my own use, and not for publication. Consequently, having the original at hand to refer to, I did not take such full notes as if I had intended to publish them. They were borrowed from me in 1873 by the late Thomas Wright, for use in the second edition of his *Volume of Vocabularies*, and were in his possession at the time of his death. Some years afterwards I ascertained that they had been handed over, together with the other materials which he had collected, to Prof. Wulcker. Although I was not consulted in regard to this arrangement, I had no objection to it, and only asked that I might see the proofs. These were sent me at the beginning of 1882, and I went through them carefully with the MS., making many corrections and additions; but, as I had no opportunity of seeing a revise, I cannot tell whether they were inserted. In these circumstances it is not satisfactory to me to be held responsible for the glosses as they now appear, especially as the editor says, "Our text is based on a copy made by Mr. W. Aldis Wright." What he has done to it I do not know.

One lesson I have learned by this, and that is to be more chary of lending my notes to others.

If I might venture a conjecture as to the word "Elmawes," which is plainly so written in the MS., I would suggest that it is possibly a corruption of "Eluawes," a form of "Elves." The stages would be *Eluawes*, *Elnawes*, *Elmawes*. In the *Promptorium Parvulorum* and other vocabularies we find—"Elfe, Spryte, Lamia."

W. ALDIS WRIGHT.

POPE AND ADDISON.

London: Feb. 5, 1889.

Until recent years, it was believed that the famous lines upon Addison which Pope afterwards incorporated in the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, published in 1735, were first printed in the *Miscellanies* of 1727; but it is now known that the lines appeared in *Cythereia* (1723) as "Verses occasioned by Mr. Tickell's Translation of the First Iliad of Homer. By Mr. Pope." In the notes to the *Dunciad*, it is stated that the lines were "a friendly rebuke sent privately in our author's own hand to Mr. Addison himself, and never made public till after their own journals and Curril himself had printed the same." It was in reply to this charge that Curril declared in the *Curliad* (1729) that the libel "was first published by Mr. John Markland, of St. Peter's College, in Cambridge, with an answer thereto in a pamphlet entitled *Cythereia* . . . 1723."

But Pope's lines were not, after all, first printed in *Cythereia*. Bibliographers appear to have overlooked the allusion to "journals" made by Scriblerus in the passage I have quoted from the *Dunciad*. One of the weekly periodicals of the time was the *St. James's Journal*, which contained "Memoirs of Literature and the freshest Advices, Foreign and Domestick," and which lasted from May 1722, to May 1723. The paper was largely concerned with questions of public trade and policy; and many of the numbers in the copy in the British Museum are attributed in a contemporary handwriting to William Wood, Esq., who may have been the William Wood who was Secretary of the Customs, and who published several books on trade.

On February 26, 1721-2, Atterbury wrote to Pope, asking for "a complete copy of these

verses on Mr. Addison," and urging Pope to publish them. From this it appears that versions of the lines were then passing from hand to hand in manuscript, or at least from mouth to mouth; but, so far as I know, they were not printed until December. In the *St. James's Journal* for December, 15, 1722, was a letter from "Dorimant" dated "Button's, December 12, 1722." "Dorimant," who, among other things, wrote reviews of Steele's *Conscious Lovers*, said that he "professed poetry," though it did not pay. In a postscript to his letter he wrote: "The following lines have been in good reputation here, and are now submitted to public censure," and then he gave this version of the lines, against which an annotator has written "Mr. Pope."

"If meaner *Gil-n* draws his venal Quill,
I wish the Man a Dinner, and sit still;
If *Den-s* rails and raves in furious Pet,
I'll answer *Den-s* when I am in Debt:
'Tis Hunger, and not Malice makes them print,
And who'd wage War with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*?
But was there one whom better Stars conspire,
To form a *Bard* or raise his Genius higher;
Blest with each Talent, and each Art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with Ease;
Should such a Man, too fond to reign alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no Brother to the Throne;
View him with scornful, yet with jealous Eyes,
And hate for Arts which caus'd himself to rise,
Damn with faint Praise, assent with civil Leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint *Affront*, and hesitate *Dislike*;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to command,
A timorous Foe, and a suspicious Friend?
Fearing ev'n Fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;
Who, when two Wits on rival Themes contest,
Approved of each, but likes the worst the best;
Like *Cato* gives his little Senate Laws,
And sits attentive to his own Applause;
Whilst Wits and Templars every Sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish Face of Praise:
Who but must grieve, if such a Man there be?
Who would not weep if *Ad-n* were he!"

This version differs in many points from those in *Cythereia* (1723), and in the MS. at Longleat, written before 1724 (see Appendix VI. to "Poems," vol. iii., in Elwin and Courthope's *Pope*). In *Cythereia*, we find "Addison" in the last line; in the MS. "A-n." The version in Curril's *Miscellany* (1727) ends

"Who would not laugh if such a man there be,
Who would not weep if Addison were he?"

but, in other respects, closely resembles the 1722 version. In the "Fragment of a Satire," published in Swift and Pope's *Miscellanies* (1727), there are several variations, and a long passage is interpolated. The word "Affront" is peculiar to the 1722 version, and was, doubtless, a mistake; in all the other cases we have "a fault."

G. A. AITKEN.

THE FACSIMILE PAGES IN LORD SPENCER'S COPY OF MALORY'S "MORTE DARTHUR."

6 Upper Woburn Place, W.C.: Feb. 3, 1889.

When Southey's edition was prepared in 1817 from Lord Spencer's copy of Malory's "Morte Darthur," that copy was deficient by twenty-one pages, which were, as Sir Edward Strachey has proved, supplied from the later black-letter editions. Later on the missing pages were added, in facsimile, from the Osterley Park copy by the skilful hand of Mr. Whittaker. Though these facsimiles are so well done that at first sight one might easily mistake them for the original pages, one cannot help noticing on a closer examination many small, yet very characteristic, differences in the single letters. My aim was, therefore, to have

these pages collated for my own forthcoming edition. Through the courtesy of Mr. B. F. Stevens, my copy was submitted to the present owner of the Osterley Park copy, Mrs. Ally E. Pope, of Brooklyn, U.S., who kindly had them collated for the purpose. The result of this collation has confirmed my expectations. Very few and insignificant errors are noticeable, as will be shown below. Having almost completed two-thirds of the text, however, I discovered that the statement given by Messrs. Longman,* as well as by Mr. Blades,† with regard to these facsimiles is not absolutely correct. Sig. e₂ is not a facsimile, but the original leaf; and Sig. N₂ and Sig. N₃ are, on the contrary, not original, but facsimiles. I had, therefore, to send these four pages to America for collation. The result of the collation of the first seventeen pages is this: four pages—leaf r₁ verso, ee₁ recto, ee₁ verso, and ee₂ recto—are faultless. On

Leaf l₁ recto read: line 5, for *doe*, *doo*; 8, *roffhyng*, *rafhyng*; 13, *bespeckled*, *besperkled*; 25, *leue*, *lene*; 29, *myztest*, *myzteyst*; 35, *fore*, *fayre*; 38, *manayr*, *manoyr*.
,, l₁ verso: 12, *manore*, *manoir*; 23, *fays*, *fayd*.
,, r₁ recto: 28, *palfray*, *palfroy*; 34, *corne*, *torne*; and *xxij*, *xxij*.
,, r₁ verso: 8, *faunte*, *faunce*; 11, *reentyd*, *repentyd*; 25, *sal wed*, *falewed*; 29, *fyonas*, *lyonas*.
,, r₂ recto: 26, *racreaut*, *recreaut*; 30, *world*, *world*.
,, T₄ recto: 10, *enchere*, *encheue*; 24, *bere*, *bare*.
,, T₄ verso: 8, *ye*, *yo*; 33, *escared*, *efcaped*.
,, T₅ recto: 2, *Gatahad*, *Galabad*.
,, T₅ verso: 5, *departede*, *departed*.
,, ee₃ verso: 13, *Bleoberis*, *Bleoberis*; 14, *Gahuleanigne*, *Gahalantyne*; 16, *laft*, *luft*; 18, *preefthod*, *preefthode*; 21, *bodoly*, *lowly*; 29, *then*, *thou*; 30, *parcuy*, *puruey*; 34, *oe*, or 37, *fore*, *fote*.
,, ee₄ verso: 3, *there*, *their*; 17, *wekye*, *wekyes*; 25, *houe*, *haue*; 26, *So*, *Se*; 33, *ther*, *there*; 37, *bedd*, *bedde*.
,, ee₅ recto: 10, *proue*, *preue*; 18, *togydere*, *togyders*; 20, *bernyng*, *brennyng*.
,, ee₅ verso: 38, *ded*, *dede*.

H. OSKAR SOMMER.

GUILLAUME DE DEGUILLEVILLE.

Stanhee Grange, Norfolk: Jan. 17, 1889.

Prof. Skeat, in his remarks upon Chaucer's "A. B. C." (*Chaucer's Minor Poems*, p. xvii.), gives the name of the French author whom Chaucer has imitated in this poem as "Guillaume de Deguileville," on the authority of M. Paul Meyer. The correct form of the name is "G. de Deguileville," for which there is the authority of Guillaume himself, as may be gathered from a statement of M. Paulin Paris in his *Manuscrits François* (vol. iii., p. 240):

"L'abbé Goujet . . . a eu parfaitement raison d'admettre avec les éditions imprimées, et de soutenir plus tard contre les réclamations du Mercure de France, que le nom de l'auteur étoit *G. de Deguileville*; toutes les lettres de ce nom forment les initiales de deux chansons farcies, placées dans le corps de l'ouvrage."

This form is accepted by M. Gaston Paris in his *Littérature Française au Moyen Age*. The form "de Guileville," mentioned by Prof. Skeat as being adopted by Mr. Morley in his

* A note by Messrs. Longman attached to the Althorp copy.

† W. Blades, *The Life and Topography of William Caxton*, London, 1861-63 fol. (vol. ii., p. 178).

English Writers, occurs in the rubric of MS. Brit. Mus. Add. 22,937, at the commencement of the vision proper: "Cy après est la vision que Guillaume de Guileville moine vit en son dormant."

I do not know on what authority Prof. Skeat speaks of de Deguileville's *Pélérinage* [sic] de la Vie humaine as a prose piece. It is a poem, consisting of many thousands of lines, originally composed in 1330-31, and remodelled with considerable additions about 1358. Guillaume conceived the idea of writing his "Pilgrimage" while reading the *Roman de la Rose*, as he himself tells us:

"Une vision vueil noncier
Qui en dormant m'avint l'autrier.
Qu'en veillant avoie veu
Considérer et bien leu
Le très beau Roumant de la Rose.*
Bien je croi que ce fut la chose
Qui plus m'eaumut ad ce songier
Que cy après vous vueil noncier."

A prose version of the *Pélérinage* exists in French (according to M. Paulin Paris) as well as in English, but there seems no doubt about it having been a poem in its original form.

Apart from the fact that Chaucer made use of it, the work has a peculiar interest as having very probably (through a translation) suggested to Bunyan the idea of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

P.S.—It may perhaps not be out of place here to point out that Prof. Skeat (or Mr. Brae) is quite mistaken in saying in the note on *Carrenare* ("Boke of the Duchesse," v. 1029) that Dante alludes to the Gulf of Quarnaro (*Inf. ix. 113*) "as being noted for its perils." Dante simply compares the tombs (*awelli*) in the Sixth Circle of Hell to the sepulchres at Arles and at Pola "presso del Quarnaro." It is implied in the note that the sepulchres have some connexion with "the perils" of the Gulf of Quarnaro. This may or may not be the fact—quite a different account of their origin is given by the old Dante commentators—but certainly no such inference can be drawn from Dante's words in the passage quoted.

In another note to the same poem (v. 435) Prof. Skeat corrects "monteplier" (Méon's reading) to "mouteplier." This correction is unnecessary, the former being common in Old French (*vide Godefroy's Dictionary*).

P. T.

THE MURDER OF SHANE O'NEIL.

Great Cressingham Rectory, Norfolk: Jan. 25, 1889.—

Dr. Jessopp is one of the most fair-minded men. I am sure, therefore, he will be glad for the readers of the *Dictionary of National Biography* to be set right about a statement in his exceedingly picturesque life of Elizabeth.

He speaks (*Dict. Nat. Biog.*, vol. xvii., p. 212) of "Shane O'Neil's savage murder in a characteristic Irish brawl and massacre." The fact is that Shane O'Neil was murdered by the Scots under young Alaster M'Donnell. He had long been their bitter enemy, hunting them down in the interests of England and by the advice of the deputy. Just before the war broke out which ended in his death Lord Chancellor Cusack praised his "dutifulness and [from the English point of view] most commendable dealing with the Scots." But when Shane found that almost every Irish chief, and even Desmond, had been gained over, in his extremity he set free his Scots prisoner

* Cf. a similar passage in the "Boke of the Duchesse" (vv. 45-48) which seems to be imitated from this; the "romauque" in Chaucer's case was the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid.

Sorley buidhe (Yellow Charles), and, with a very small following, threw himself on Alaster's generosity. He was hospitably received; but Sir W. Piers pointed out to the Scots how they might at once pay off old scores and propitiate the now all-powerful English by killing their former persecutor. Accordingly, at a feast, they picked a quarrel with some of Shane's men and murdered the whole party. Piers got a thousand marks for Shane's head. The Scots soon found they had little cause to congratulate themselves on their share in the business.

I cannot think that if Dr. Jessopp had had the facts before him he would have called this bit of cold-blooded treachery "an Irish brawl." Piers, who arranged it, was an Englishman; the M'Donnells, who were his instruments, were Scots. No doubt Dr. Jessopp will remind me of "the Irish of the Isles" and *Scotia major*. Yes, but (unhappily) to the everyday reader "Irish" connotes something very different from "Scotch."

It seems that Ireland under Elizabeth does not, in Dr. Jessopp's view, demand any minute statement of facts, else he could hardly have omitted the most characteristic feature of Elizabeth's dealings with the Irish, viz., the repeated seizures of chiefs at peaceful banquets, and the poisonings (one of them attempted against Shane himself), which I will not call English—God forbid that I should call them Italian—while to speak of them as Tudor would be to lay an unwarrantable stigma on a Welsh family. Dr. Richey says of Sussex (who sent Shane a butt of poisoned wine), "high-minded Christian gentleman as he was, he looked on the native Irish as colonists do on Australian aborigines."

HENRY STUART FAGAN.

DANTE'S REFERENCE TO ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Am Hof, Davos Platz: Jan. 30, 1889

Dr. Moore, in his letter about Dante's References to Alexander the Great, mentions a story which Boccaccio could not find in *William of England*, nor Benvenuto da Imola in "Gallicus ille qui describit Alexandreidem metrica." Dr. Moore asks who these two authors, William of England and the French poet of the Alexandreis, are. The latter is certainly Walter of Lille or Gualtherus de Insula, famous for his Latin epic on Alexander and also for his Goliardic poems. He has frequently been confounded with our English Walter Map, whose contemporary he was, since he visited England in 1166, and held a diplomatic post at the Court of Henry II. I venture to suggest that Boccaccio, when alluding to William of England—if indeed he did not write Walther instead of William, the contractions of Gualthero and Guglielmo being similar—was pointing to the same authority, Walther of the Island. Notices of Walter of Lille will be found in Giesebeck's "Vaganten" (*Allg. Monatschrift für W. und K.*, 1853), and Hubatsch's *Lateinische Vagantenlieder* (Görlitz, 1870).

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

BASQUE NAMES IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Sare, Basses Pyrénées: Jan. 28, 1889.

Mrs. Knight's letter in the ACADEMY of January 26 calls attention to a fact more widely spread than perhaps she imagines. From their excellent qualities as mariners, emigrants, and missionaries, Basques both of France and Spain took part in nearly every expedition to the New World; and, consequently, some Basque names may be found in the topography and history of every part where these nations made settlements. The Basques are the oldest fishermen on the banks of Newfoundland; and in the last century, while Canada was under French dominion,

Basque was spoken in parts of Lower Canada, just as it is now spoken in parts of Montevideo and Buenos Ayres. I myself met with Basques for the first time in Montevideo. The first Basque grammar was printed in Mexico in 1607, and some of the earliest Basque church hymns were also printed there. Basques names of estates are found in Venezuela, New Granada, and Ecuador. Ithurbide (fountain way), the Emperor of Mexico, has left numerous relatives who have never quitted the old home in the parish from which I write. Basque ball-players and Basque *bersorali* make tours in the countries of La Plata just the same as English cricketers and football players do in Australia and New Zealand. Therefore, nothing is inexplicable in the fact that an estate bearing a Basque name should be found in Louisiana; but the name "Iberia" may have been given as a fancy name to his estate by a Spaniard as well as by a Basque. Into the derivation of "Iberia" I do not enter.

WENTWORTH WEBSTER.

ARROWSMITH, THE FRIEND OF THOMAS POOLE.

London: Feb. 1, 1889.

The author of that excellent book, *Thomas Poole and his Friends*, will allow me, I trust, to correct a misapprehension on her part, which might mislead some of her readers.

At pp. 142-3 of vol. ii. she speaks of having met, at Sir Roderick Murchison's, some twenty years ago, Mr. Arrowsmith, "a very old man," whom she identifies with the Arrowsmith mentioned on p. 141, under the year 1805, and "whose name," Mrs. Sandford says, "was on the very oldest atlas that I ever remembered" (p. 143).

But the good old man whom she met at Sir Roderick's, *circa* 1868, was John Arrowsmith, nephew of Aaron Arrowsmith, the earlier friend of Thomas Poole. The names of both were attached to atlases of standard excellence, each in its day—Aaron Arrowsmith, born 1750, died in 1823; John, born 1790, died in 1873.

H. YULE.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Feb. 11, 5 p.m. London Institution: "Some Curiosities of Magnetism," by Mr. Salford Bedwell.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Roman Architecture," V., by Mr. G. Aitchison.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cawton Lecture, "Wood Engraving," by Mr. W. J. Linton.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: "The Philosophy of Religion," by the Rev. Dr. J. Lightfoot.

8.30 p.m. Geological: "Explorations in the Glacier Regions of the Selkirk Range, British Columbia, in 1888," by the Rev. W. S. Green.

TUESDAY, Feb. 12, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Before and after Darwin—Evolution," IV., by Prof. G. J. Romanes.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "Some Canal, River, and other Works in France, Belgium, and Germany," by Mr. L. F. Vernon-Harcourt.

8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "Western Australia—its Present and Future," by Mr. A. P. Hensman.

8 p.m. Metropolitan Scientific Association: "Recent Theories bearing on Glaciation in Britain," by Mr. J. W. Gregory.

8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "Human Remains discovered by Gen. Pitt-Rivers at Woodcote, Rotherley," by Dr. John Beddoe; "A Demonstration of Centres of Ideation in the Brain," by Mr. Bernard Hollander.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 13, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Salt: its Production and Consumption at Home and Abroad," by Mr. P. L. Simmonds.

8 p.m. Geological.

THURSDAY, Feb. 14, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Metamorphoses of Minerals," IV., by Prof. J. W. Judd.

8 p.m. London Institution: "Darwin versus Lamarck," by Prof. Ray Lankester.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Roman Architecture," VI., by Mr. G. Aitchison.

8 p.m. Linnean.

8 p.m. Mathematical: "The Diophantine Relation $y^2 + y^2 = \text{square}$," by Prof. Cayley; "Projective Cyclo Concomitants or Surface Differential Invariants," by Mr. E. B. Elliott; "Algebraical Symmetry, with particular reference to the Theory of Operations and the Theory of Distributions," by

Major MacMahon; "Condition that a Line should be cut in Involution by a Circle and its Hessian," by the President.

8 p.m. Electrical Engineers: "The Insulation Resistance of Electric Lighting Circuits," by Prof. A. Jamieson; "Certain Phenomena connected with Imperfect Earth in Telegraph Circuits," by Mr. A. E. Keenelly.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries: "The Ruby Mines of Burma," by Mr. G. S. Streete.

8 p.m. Philological: "The Anglo-Saxon Nouns of more than one Gender," by Dr. R. von Fleischhacker.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Electrical Stress," by Prof. A. W. Rucker.

SATURDAY, Feb. 15, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Great Composers and their Works," with Illustrations on the Pianoforte, IV., by Prof. Ernst Pauer.

SCIENCE.

SOME MATHEMATICAL BOOKS.

Plotting or Graphic Mathematics. By R. Wormell. (Waterlow & Sons.)

A New Theory of Parallels. By Charles L. Dodgson. (Macmillan.)

A Text-Book of Euclid's Elements. By H. S. Hall and F. H. Stevens. (Macmillan.)

Dr. WORMELL's book consists principally of exercises in the graphic methods of arithmetic, geometry, and kinematics, with illustrative examples carefully worked out. It begins by showing how with a page ruled into small squares decorative patterns may be designed, plans or drawings may be copied, and interesting results in the theory of numbers may be obtained. Then follow chapters on the determination of areas, proportion, equations, the paths of moving points and projectiles, the parabola, ellipse, and hyperbola, higher graphs, and curves of observation. While the importance of graphic methods is well-known to those who are preparing for technical work, it does not seem to be so well recognised that they are a valuable complement to a general mathematical training.

"The charm of the method," as Dr. Wormell says, "is inherent in its nature. It gives something to be done by the hand and followed by the eye—keeping pace with the course of thought and reasoning. The proof of a rule or law often lies entirely in the process by which the rule or law is graphically illustrated, and the consequence is that the pupil while following the course is constantly on a voyage of discovery, and has all the pleasure and stimulus of an original investigation."

No elaborate outfit of either mathematical instruments or knowledge is required for working through the book, the explanations are concise and clear, the exercises are well graduated and not too difficult, and any one may understand it who has mastered the elements of algebra and geometry.

Mr. Dodgson's work contains an attempt to found the theory of parallels on a new axiom, one that will not be open to his own objection to Euclid's axiom, that it

"is not axiomatic—the intellect has not yet occurred among that species of vertebrates which may be defined as 'bimanous bipeds' which accepts that axiom as *intuitive truth*."

It will be seen that objection might be taken to the meaning given to the word "axiom." The axiom actually selected is as follows. In every circle the inscribed equilateral hexagon is greater than any one of the segments which lie outside it. The author considers that the truth of this axiom "falls into the eyes," as the Germans say; but is its truth so very obvious when we remember that the axiom must hold good however large the figure may be? What the axiom practically assumes is the existence of similar figures. By means of this axiom the author works out the theory of parallels most ingeniously. The book should

prove of interest to all students of elementary geometry, both as giving a treatment of the subject from an unusual point of view and as containing a very interesting piece of geometrical reasoning. The author, however, does not seem to see the connexion of his method with the modern development of non-Euclidian geometry. The book contains several appendices, in one of which the question is discussed whether Euclid's axiom is absolutely true. Perhaps it would not be wrong to describe the contents of this appendix as "paradoxing." Nothing but confusion can result from giving an absolute meaning to the terms "infinite" and "infinitesimal."

Messrs. Hall and Stevens, in their edition of the first six books of *Euclid's Elements*, have adhered pretty closely, except in the case of the fifth book, to what may be called the *textus receptus*, namely the edition of Robert Simson. In a few instances they have made changes, sometimes on Euclid's proofs and sometimes on Simson's, all of which are improvements. The enunciations have been altered very little, even in those propositions where there is everything to gain and nothing to lose by studying brevity. Indeed, brevity at all hazards is not an object which they have striven to attain: and they very justly remark in the preface that the form of statement most suitable for the page of a text-book need not be that which is best adapted to examination purposes. Without departing from Euclid's mode of proof, a few changes of the most trifling character on some of the propositions would have enabled a reader to see that a connexion exists between the propositions. As examples of what is meant, the diagrams to propositions 9 and 11 of the first book, to propositions 5 and 6, 7 and 8, 11 and 12 of the third book, might have been lettered to correspond. Perhaps it may be thought too great a liberty to take with the second book to make evident the correspondence which exists between all the pairs of the propositions contained in it. In one case the authors have done so, and have changed not only Euclid's lettering but also his diagram. It is satisfactory to see that in two instances (iii. 35 and vi. 18) Euclid's text has been preferred to Simson's. The most valuable feature of this edition, however, is the additional matter that has been appended to the various books. This consists of classified deductions, italicised when they are important, and brought into connexion with typical examples worked out either partially or in full. The appendix to the first book treats of analysis and synthesis, the identical equality of triangles, inequalities, parallels, parallelograms, miscellaneous theorems, the concurrence of straight lines in a triangle, the construction of triangles with given parts, areas, loci, and intersection of loci. In the appendix to the sixth book are given the fundamental theorems on harmonic section, centres of similarity and similitude, pole and polar, radical axis and transversals. These and the other appendices contain a large and well-digested mass of useful geometrical information (the section on maxima and minima may be specially noted); and the book, as a whole, can be heartily recommended to students of geometry.

LATIN ETYMOLOGIES.

Most of the following etymologies have been suggested during a recent perusal of C. O. Müller's edition of Festus' *De Verborum Significatione* (Leipzig, 1880).

1. *Andabata*, "a blindfolded gladiator." Probably a loan from the Gaulish **ando-batta*, where *ando-* is = Skr. *andha-s*, "blind," and *batta* is a masculine *a*-stem cognate with Welsh *bath* "coin," Corn. *bathor* "coiner," Lat. *battuere*, Fr. *battre*. So the Sanskrit word

for "deaf"—*badhira*—has its reflex in the Celtic languages: Irish *bodar*, Welsh *byddar*, Breton *bouzar*.

2. *Caprunculum* "was fickle," a diminutive of **caprunc-*, cognate with Irish *crocan* (gl. *olla*), Welsh *crochan*, with regular loss of *p* and ejection of the pretonic vowel. For Welsh *ch* from *nc*, cf. *llech*, *truch* with Latin *plancus*, *truncus*.

3. *Cerritus*, *cerribulus*. Cognate with Ir. *corr*, "askew, wrong, lefthanded"; *corr-bél*, "wry-mouthed."

4. *Ferctum* "genus libi dictum, quod crebrius ad sacra ferebatur, nec sine stru, altero genere libi; quae qui afferbant stru-ferctari appellabantur." Here *ferctum* is from **fergo-**m*, root *ferg* = Skr. *bhrj*, "to parch, to fry," and cognate with Lat. *frigo*, Gr. *φρύω*, *φρυγός*; Ir. *bairgen*, "cake"; Welsh *bara*, "bread."

5. *Fivola* "sunt proprie vase fictilia quassa." Cognate with Welsh *briw*, "broken," from *bhrwo-s*.

6. *Mango*, "mangones qui colorem fuso mentiuntur," Quint. Cognate not only with Gr. *μάγγαρος*, but also with Ir. *meng*, F. "guile," "deceit."

7. *Plébes*, for **plēfes*, **plēfes*. Cognate not only with Gr. *πλῆθος*, but also with Old-Welsh *liti* for **liði* (Gr. *Celt.* 140), in *liti-maur* (gl. *frequens populis*).

8. "Subucula et genus libi dicitur ex alica ("spelt") et oleo et melle, et genus vestimenti." Here are two different words, the common *sub-ucula*, "shirt," and the rare *subucula*, "bonne-bouche," where *su-* is identical with the Skr. and Irish laudatory prefix *su*, Welsh *hy-*, Gr. *ει-*, and *bucula* is cognate with *bucca*, *buccea*, *buccella*, and *buccellatum*, "soldiers' biscuit."

9. *Superpus*, compar. and superl. *superior*, *supremus*, with loss of the *no-*suffix, as in *mag-nu-s*, *major*. So in Irish *fern*, "good," from **u(p)erno-s* = *s-upernus*, and *ferr*, "better," from **u(p)eryos* = *s-uperior*. The Neo-Celtic cognate of *s-uprenus* is Welsh *goreu*, "best."

10. *Sūra* from **svera*, cognate with Ir. *seir*, "heel" (from **sverit-*), acc. dual *di pherid*, LU. 69.*

11. *Uva* from **ogva*, cognate with Gaelic *ubb*, "egg"; *ubhall*, "apple," "ball."

12. "Vallescit [better *vallescit?*] perierit." The root is *(g)val*, whence Old-Saxon *guelan*, Ir. *at-bail*, "perit"; Welsh *a-ballu*, "perire."

WHITLEY STOKES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ETRUSCAN "TEN"-FORMS—"TEZAN."

Barton-on-Humber: Jan. 14, 1889.

I now proceed to a detailed examination of the numeral *tezan*, mentioned in my last letter (ACADEMY, December 1, 1888, p. 358). There is a widespread Turanian "10"-form in *t-s* and variants, as follows: Finnic *ksan*, *ksen*; Esthonian *ksa*; Mordvin *kso*, *kse*; Lapponic *tee*; Tchereviss *che*; Basque *tzi*; Circassian *tsey*.

E.g.

Finnic — <i>kahde-ksan</i> ("8") = <i>kaksi</i> ("2") from <i>ksan</i> ("10").
Esth. — <i>kahhe-ksa</i> ("8") = <i>kaks</i> ("2") from <i>ksa</i> ("10").
Mord. — <i>kav-ksa</i> ("8") = <i>kavito</i> ("2") from <i>ksa</i> ("10").
Lap. — <i>kak-tee</i> ("8") = <i>kwekte</i> ("2") from <i>tee</i> ("10").
Tche. — <i>kanda-che</i> ("8") = <i>kandaks</i> ("2") from <i>ches</i> ("10").
Basque — <i>zer-tzi</i> ("8") = <i>zort</i> ("2") from <i>tzi</i> ("10").
bedera-tzi ("9") = <i>bedora</i> ("1") from <i>tzi</i> ("10").
Circas. — <i>yi</i> ("8") = <i>oh</i> ("2") from <i>[tsey]</i> ("10").

* Müller prefers the corrupt form *ferctum*.

As previously noticed, *ksan* = a prior *tean*, = an earlier *tasan*, and we find :

Finnic	—	<i>t-a-t-a-n</i>
Etruscan	—	<i>t-s-s-a-n</i>
		<i>t-s-s-a-n</i>
		— "10."
Magyar	—	<i>t-i-s</i>
Turkic	—	<i>s-t-u-s</i>
Yakute	—	<i>s-t-u-s</i>
Zyrianian	—	
Permian	—	
Votik	—	
Five Non-Aryan dialects of India	—	<i>d-a-s</i> = "10."

Pauli has, I think, shown conclusively that the Etruscan goddess *Nur* (*Nuria*, Juvenal, x. 74; *Nortia*, *Livy*, vii. 3) became "the goddess *TenDecuma*, *Decima*, as connected with the ten months of the Etruscan year; and that, hence *[nu]rōz* (*nurōz*) = "10 times"; and that for *nupxi* (Fab. 2339), we should read *nurōz*; and, further, that *tean* at times = "dedicatio." But it does not, therefore, follow, as he supposes, that *tean* did not mean "10." Special circumstances having evolved a special "10"-word (*nurōz*), an ordinary "10"-word (*tean*) receives in time another, and a secondary, sense, but yet one which makes its primary meaning remarkably clear. That which is dedicated is the Tenth, the tithe. So, after the defeat of Xerxes, the Greeks dedicated a tenth of the spoil (Diod. xi. 33). So the Athenians dedicated the tenth part of ransom obtained from Boiotians and others to Athens (Herod. v. 77). In like manner the Siphnians sent the Delphic Apollo the tithe of their gold mines (Paus. x. xi. 1). The tithe of Arés with respect to war-spoils is referred to by Lucian (*Peri Orchēsōs*, 21); and, lastly, to take an Italian instance, we read in *Livy*—"Tibi [sc. Pythico Apollini] hinc decumam partem praedae vovet." Hence, there is no difficulty in understanding, with Pauli, such an inscription as *Tezan te ta tular* (Fab. 1910) to mean "Eine dedicatio statuta [sc. est] hic cippus," *tezan* being "a pious offering," literally "tithe."

ROBERT BROWN, JUN.

THE DUAL IN SABEAN.

Cambridge: Feb. 1, 1889.

In the thirty-eight Yemen inscriptions transcribed by Prof. Derenbourg in the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* (September and October, 1887) we twice meet with the termination *ʔ̄t̄t̄* (xvi. and xxix.), which, so far as I know, occurs only three times in the 686 inscriptions of M. Halévy (261. 2; 374. 3; 535. 6). From the frequent use of *t̄* as a demonstrative enclitic, it appears very doubtful whether it ever forms part of the dual termination, which, certainly in very many cases, consists only of *t̄*. I would suggest that we have in this *t̄* an attenuation of an *a* sound. The same may be seen in the suffix for the 3rd pers. dual *ʔ̄t̄t̄* as compared with the Arabic as well as in the terminations of the decades, which will thus agree with those in Assyrian and Ethiopic; and this dual was itself probably nothing but a shortened form of what was once the accusative plural. Again, the syllable *ʔ̄t̄*, in some cases at all events, is not an "article défini très énergique," as M. Halévy thinks, but is a dual termination corresponding to the Arabic *ān* (*āni*), the *t̄* being equivalent to *N*. Thus, we may have in the termination *ʔ̄t̄t̄* a double dual, a form perhaps somewhat analogous to the termination *ʔ̄t̄* for the Sabean fem. pl. const. With the use of *t̄* and *ʔ̄t̄* to express the dual we may compare the use of *ā* and *āt̄* in the perfect and imperfect of the Arabic verb. It is suggestive that the inscriptions referred to belong rather to the Minean than to the Sabean dialect.

G. W. COLLINS.

THE KING OF ARZAPI'S LETTER.

Southampton: Feb. 2, 1889.

Should it prove that Prof. Sayce is correct as to the dialect of this despatch, it would seem that the Akkadian comparison of the Hittite language is likely to be confirmed sooner than I hoped in publishing this view in 1887.

Why Prof. Sayce regards *mi*, "my," and *ti*, "thy," as indicating an Indo-European connexion I do not understand, as these forms occur also in Turanian speech—e.g., Zirianian *me Ostiak ma* (as well as in Akkadian), Zirianian *te Magyar te*. Nor do I understand why Prof. Sayce, who for some years has regarded the Hittite as an agglutinative speech, is inclined now to think it may be Aryan. He informs us, however, that the "verbal forms are Akkadian," which would confirm my published views as to the Hittite—if the tablet be Hittite.

Mr. Ball seems to me to have shown that some Aryan tribes were known to the later Assyrians. But this does not affect the question of Hittite nationality a thousand years earlier; and he has accepted my published comparison of certain Hittite names with Turkic and Etruscan words, which cannot be reconciled with any Aryan theory.

C. R. CONDER.

SCIENCE NOTES.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHEIN & Co. have in the press *Jenner and Vaccination*, a popular account of the history of vaccination, by Dr. Charles Creighton, author of the article "Vaccination" in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

MR. SWANZY has presented to the library of the Ophthalmological Society a copy of George Bartisch's *Augendienst* (1583), which is probably the oldest treatise on diseases of the eye in existence. It is in excellent preservation, and bound in a parchment cover, on which is some music. Besides a long preface, the volume contains over five hundred pages of closely printed matter, and a large number of interesting and curious plates.

THE most important paper in the February number of the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute* is a contribution by Dr. E. B. Tylor on "A Method of Investigating the Development of Institutions, applied to Laws of Marriage and Descent." In order to show that anthropological problems admit of strictly scientific treatment, the author takes a subject upon the study of which he has been engaged for many years, and proceeds to its investigation on a basis of tabulation and classification. The rules of nearly 400 peoples have been scheduled out into tables so as to ascertain the "adhesions" of each custom, thus showing which peoples have the same custom and what other customs are associated with or dissociated from it. Dr. Tylor's paper is one of the most philosophical communications ever submitted to the institute.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE forthcoming number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* (David Nutt) will contain the following articles: "The Assyrian Oracles concerning Esarhaddon," by P. A. Delattre; "The Geographical Situation of Saparda," by O. J. Hagen; "The Geography of Northern Syria and some Neighbouring Lands, viewed from the Assyrian Side," by the Rev. H. G. Tomkins; and "Sacred Trees of the Assyrian Monuments," by Dr. J. Bonavia.

THE *Revue Archéologique* for November-December, 1888, contains an interesting article by M. Berthelot on the origin of the word "bronze," the etymology of which is ad-

mittedly obscure. Hitherto it has been supposed that the earliest examples of the word are those occurring in the Piacenza chronicle printed by Muratori, dated about the beginning of the fifteenth century. In this record the forms are *bronziun* and *bronzinum*. M. Berthelot, however, points out that a MS. of the eleventh century, preserved at Venice, mentions the metal under the name of *Brone*. All doubt as to the meaning of the word is removed by the express statement that it denotes a mixture of copper and tin. M. Berthelot suggests that *Brone* may be a corruption of (*aes*) *Brundusinum*, and refers to Pliny's statement that the best mirrors in use among the ancients were those made at Brundusium, which were composed of a mixture of copper and tin. The derivation of *Brone* from *Brundusinum* is not quite free from difficulty; but, as the conjectures hitherto proposed respecting the etymology of the word are not entirely satisfactory, M. Berthelot's suggestion appears to deserve consideration.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

MANCHESTER GOETHE SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, December 5.)

THE REV. F. F. CORNISH in the chair.—After the election of auditors to audit the society's accounts for the annual business meeting in January, a paper was read, by Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, on "Goethe as a War Correspondent." Mr. Wilkinson first, with the help of two excellent maps, described in detail the actual course of the campaign of 1792, from the declaration of war by France, in April, to the entry of the allies into France, on August 19, followed, a few weeks later, by their disastrous retreat—a retreat of which a Prussian general, who was an eye-witness on both occasions, wrote: "The Prussian soldiers in 1792 offered, perhaps, a more pitiable spectacle than those of Napoleon, in the retreat from Russia." It was on August 27 that Goethe, then in his forty-third year, joined the Duke of Weimar, by the latter's strong wish, in the camp near Longwy, reluctantly tearing himself from his quiet home and peaceful researches into the theory of optics. He seems to have made himself as comfortable as circumstances would allow, with well-stocked travelling chaise, sleeping car, and attendant valet, and to have busied himself more even here with scientific investigations than with the events going on around him. Yet, that, even so, he saw and felt something of the realities of war is evident from the few vivid hints which his endeavour "not to avoid the fitting degree of euphemism" could not quite cut out from his account of that miserable time. This account, however, published in 1822, is by no means what its form implies—a personal diary, kept up from day to day at the time of the events recorded. It is, on the contrary, an attempt made nearly thirty years later to reconstruct from the scanty notes of his own diary, supplemented by a careful study of published accounts of the campaign (notably the Memoirs of Dumouriez and the Memoirs of Massenbach), a picture of the daily events such as might have been written at the time, but was not. Goethe, indeed, took with him a diary, in which before and during the campaign he made a number of entries; but the entries seem to have become briefer as the campaign proceeded and, apparently, ended altogether soon after the retreat began. He was parted from his chaise before October 6; and, though he rejoined it on the 9th, it was not until the 14th, when he was already at Luxembourg, that he reopened the trunk in which his diary was kept, and even then his distress and disgust were such that he would not touch the diary. As an inevitable result of this method of compilation, the campaign in France, while giving in the main a faithful and lifelike picture of the general character of life in camp and on the march, is not free from historical inaccuracies. The description of the day of the battle of Valmy is particularly weak [Here Mr. Wilkinson, from his own knowledge of the country, showed how, in a number of cases, Goethe's memory was faulty.] Goethe's description of the moral effect

on the Prussian army of not attacking is most instructive; but his celebrated saying—"From here and from to-day starts a new epoch in history"—can hardly date from the day of the battle—it could only have been written by the light of subsequent events. The whole work of Goethe on the campaign, indeed, is spoiled by the unfortunate attempt to compile a substitute for reminiscences. A work of Goethe's, written at the time of the events or immediately after them, would have been of priceless value to the military student. There are traces enough in the work we have to show that Goethe would have admirably analysed and depicted the moral element which is always the dominant factor in the conduct of war. Even if Goethe had merely written out his vague recollections, they would have been a valuable source; but to cast into the form of a personal diary what is after all largely a historical compilation was, surely, a mistake. The campaign is half art, half history—that is to say, it is neither the one nor the other. The general maxims which form part of the composition are mostly vague generalities of little value; only those few which are the result of his direct observation are valuable, as, e.g., when Goethe remarks on the evils of unscientific requisitions, the firstcomers always destroying more than they take. The descriptions which Goethe borrows directly from his own recollections are invariably vivid and faithful—his account, e.g., of the camp of Prancourt, of the road from Verdun to Etain (October 11), and from Longuyon to Longwy the next day. In these we have fragments of Goethe himself—bits of his actual life. From these there is more to be learned than from all the rest, and to such passages alone is due whatever value belongs to the work of Goethe as a war correspondent.—The chairman then made a few remarks on the paper, and Mr. Schelling, from his own experience as a war correspondent in the same district, in 1870, bore witness to Goethe's fidelity to fact in the reminiscences written down at the time.—The hon. secretary called attention to Saphan's pamphlet, *Friedrich des Grossen; Schrift über die Deutsche Literatur*.

BROWNING SOCIETY.—(Friday, January 25.)

DR. BERDOE in the chair.—The Rev. W. Robertson read a paper on "La Saisiaz," in which he called attention to the fact that the poem is in no sense dramatic, but that in it Browning expresses his own opinions in his own person. Its introduction is lengthy, and is probably intended to prepare our minds for the severity with which the question at issue is treated. In it Browning gropes his way back to the ultimate grounds for his conviction of the truth of immortality. His soliloquy on the events which produced this train of thought is marked by the poet's characteristic simplicity, directness, observation of nature, and almost ruthless accuracy of description. This introduction occupies twenty-two pages, and ten still intervene between it and the main argument. They are occupied by the question, Does the soul survive the body? He can bear the answer, not God's answer, but man's, and accordingly weighs the conclusions of modern scepticism in the balance. But, leaving these suddenly, he shows the necessity for his belief that life is a training-school for the soul, and that only by granting a second life does our earthly experience become intelligible. Thus, Browning presents us with a working hypothesis of life. Life is to be judged by its utility either for the world or for the individual soul. If men are transient beings, their sufferings concern us as little as leaves that fade and fall, and sacrifice for such is unintelligible. Sacrifice is only a means to an end, not an end in itself. We die to live, otherwise altruism is suicide. Only in its influence on character is life intelligible, and if man is mortal that influence is futile. The Christian faith that there is progress in human life, and that the production of character is one constant result of circumstance, shows that the soul is worthy of training, and that all things are at work moulding into finer shape this soul of man. On this estimate of life Browning bases his surmise that it will continue. Reviewing the whole argument in the language of theological terminology, Mr. Robertson maintained that the poet's position was the Christian position. He then treated the poem as a work of art, maintaining that it might have

carried as much weight in prose.—The chairman proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Robertson for his powerful and interesting paper; and then, pointing out an instance of Browning's conciseness in his rapid transition from describing the scenery around him to the death of his friend, "this dread way you had your death," he suggested that what seemed like lack of pathos was really reticence. He himself agreed with the poet that life viewed as probation is the real basis of belief in immortality. Browning speaks in different poems to different minds: in "La Saisiaz" he addresses the thoughtful of all creeds. The paper read that evening offered many points for discussion, and was distinguished by singular freshness of thought and expression.—Dr. Furnivall thanked Mr. Robertson for the fairness of his paper, which never forced the subject beyond the limits which Browning intended. He himself considered that the poet just touched on all the pathetic points of the situation, and then subdued them in view of the main point, and on this he spoke for himself. Dr. Furnivall continued: Belief in immortality at best is only a hope, so is the belief in the perfection of life only a hope, but one more logical than the first. Sacrifice for posterity is surely intelligible, and was at all events understood by Christ. For himself he was satisfied with ignorance about immortality, content to do without it, and do what little he could of useful here. The society would print Mr. Robertson's paper for the help of members.—Mr. Revell had greatly enjoyed the valuable paper. He thought Browning's optimism may have something to do with the rarity of pathos in his poems. He himself considered the question of immortality purely one of evidence. Belief without evidence is immoral, and to his thinking Browning offers no justifiable evidence of immortal life. He assumes that life is a probation, and on that assumption finds his belief.—Mr. Slater, Mr. Kingland, and other members continued the discussion.

CLIFTON SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, January 26.)

W. C. H. Cross, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. J. W. Mills, in a paper on "Julius Caesar" and "Plutarch," said that no student of Shakespeare who has been at pains to compare plays like "The Winter's Tale" with *Pandosto*, or "As You Like It" with *Rosalynde*, can escape a feeling of wonder at the smallness of the poet's obligation to the fashionable novelists of his own day. And if he extends the comparison over that entire group of plays which may conveniently be styled "romantic," this feeling will rather deepen than dissipate. Secure in the boundless wealth and resources of his own faculties, our poet gleans but little from imaginative mediaeval prose. The meagre, undecorated outline of a moving story, a few names, with a stray collateral incident here and there, generally constitutes all that the dramatist condescends to use. The skilful development of the plot, the more striking episodes, the language, imagery, sentiment—in a word, all that has lifted his dramas into the serene empyrean of immortality is the production of Shakespeare's individual genius. Now, if we quit the "romantic" and turn our attention to the "historical" group, we note at once a change. Here the poet comes before us in a new guise. Like a student preparing for examination, he "gets up" his subject with an exactitude and painstaking thoroughness which, had he lived in our own time, would have satisfied the most exacting of examiners. His obvious aim is to make the play as near an approach to the reality of historical truth as the exigencies of stage representation and of dramatic art will permit. As a natural corollary, the characters of "Julius Caesar," for instance, are as truly Roman as the bold figures upon the Arch of Titus. Other modern dramatists have also chosen Roman themes; but not one can rival Shakespeare in this admirable characteristic. How few English lovers of French literature can really enjoy Racine's Roman plays! The reason seems that in almost every case the characters have nothing Roman about them, save the name, and this incongruity startles the reader out of the spell of poetic illusion. The characters troop with imposing grandeur across the shifting scenes; they declaim magnificent sentiments in

stately and sonorous language; but too quickly we perceive that our heroes are but the polished courtiers of "le grand monarque" indulging in a little harmless masquerade. The liveliest imagination is powerless to conceive, for instance, a semi-barbarous Asiatic prince dying with these words:—"Mais c'en est fait de moi, et j'ai veçu, Madame"; although hardly any sentiment could be more natural and appropriate in the mouth of a dying marshal of France in the gilded magnificence of the court of Louis Quatorze. "Julius Caesar," on the other hand, is saturated through and through with the living spirit of antiquity. Mr. Mills then commented in detail upon many parallelisms between North's *Plutarch* and the play.—Mr. John Taylor read a paper on "Shakespeare's Conservatism." Bulwer Lytton was right when, in *Ernest Maltravers*, he said that "Brutus the aristocrat stabs his patron that patricians might again trample on plebeians"; and Shakespeare, by making Brutus the hero of "Julius Caesar," shows his unchangeable conservative feelings. The desire to have Caesar as a single master in place of the patriciate was the cry of plebeian Rome. Popular liberty was the last thought in connexion with the assassination. An unformed mass of populace, a confused, discordant multitude, whose sudden passions, falsely called reason, are their motive of action, who defy authority and distract society to spoil the law-abiding community, naturally meet with the poet's reprobation, whether they be Romans, as in "Julius Caesar" and "Coriolanus," or English, under the leadership of Jack Cade. It cannot be that Shakespeare held, as Browning, in his "Lost Leader," seems to intimate, like political views with Milton, Shelley, and Burns. It can be clearly gathered from the plays that Shakespeare had no theories of government to advocate; but it can be shown that he was a high-minded and consistent patriot, upholding settled law and order, an opposer of political rabbles, a defender of the monarchy, and of military and civil ranks and gradations, without being a politician in the customary sense of the term. Had he lived now he would probably have said to both Tories and Radicals, "A plague o' both your houses!" while he clung to the constitution. With large love of freedom, he was essentially conservative, and has expressed at once his belief in cultured superiority and his disbelief in unenlightened demagogism. He thought, with Aristotle, that superiority should be vested in those who have power of deliberating, of judging, of foreseeing, of pre-arranging, and, above all, of commanding.—Mr. L. M. Griffiths read a paper on "Lepidus," who, although he speaks less than four lines in "Julius Caesar," stands out strongly individualised. This is through Antony's marvellous description of him in IV. i. By this, Shakespeare, in his inimitable manner, lets us see his view of Antony as well as of Lepidus. The former is disclosed as a mere time-server and user of other men; and the sincerity of his eulogy of Caesar is largely discredited, as it was animated more by hatred of Brutus than by love of Caesar. It is strange that Shakespeare here, and in "Antony and Cleopatra," ii. 7, represents Lepidus in such a mean and ridiculous light. The reason of it is difficult to see, as he found no authority for it in *Plutarch*.—Mr. Walter Strachan, in a paper on "Brutus and Cassius," said that these two leaders of the conspiracy seem marked out for comparative reflexion. Their characters are widely different. The destruction of Caesar is only undertaken by Brutus as necessary to the salvation of the state, and he will allow no other life to be sacrificed. Although Brutus had a cold phlegmatic exterior, yet his affection for, and appreciation of, Portia showed that he had a kind and sensitive heart. A grander man than Brutus is hardly possible. He appears without blemish, unless perhaps this crime of assassination darkens the glory of his character; and even that for public reasons, and with the unmistakable favour of public opinion, might be justified. Cassius, although proud and testy, was far-seeing and cautious. He knew that the secret of ruling is to hide the fact that you rule. If this astute diplomatist had directed the conspiracy instead of Brutus, success would have been certain throughout, and in the sequel.—The secretary read an anonymous paper on "Brutus as a Husband," in which it was stated that our estimate of Brutus has been unduly influenced by

the panegyric passed upon him by Antony (V. v. 68-75), who, we know, from his dealings with Cleopatra, and his attitude towards his own wife Fulvia, was no competent judge of a man in his domestic relations. Brutus, in the scene with Portia, comes out not only as an impatient and irritable husband, but as a mean equivocator. Portia's anxiety was all thrown away upon him, for he wholly disregarded it; and when the news of her death, hastened by his neglect, comes to him, he receives it with a cold-blooded indifference that shocks even Cassius. Neither then, nor in his last hours, do we hear one word about his noble wife; but this loquacious "hero" talks grandiloquently about the moral wrong of suicide, and then commits it to avoid going bound to Rome.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, January 28.)

BERNARD BOSANQUET, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Dr. A. Bain read a paper on "The Empiricist Position." Empiricism has been usually defined by experience, and is opposed to intuition. This is not sufficient at the present day. The contrast is made somewhat more precise by saying that while intuition may be admitted as suggestive, it has no validity without the confirmation of experience. Yet this does not cover all the points at issue. There are problems, the chief being perception, where validity does not enter: the question being how to express, without contradiction, what we all admit as true. Even as regards intuitive suggestion, there are still differences of view: the controversy as to innate ideas, although greatly altered in our time, is not finally adjusted. The term "Epistemology" is conveniently restricted to the first sources of our knowledge: for although usually covering validity, there are other titles better fitted to comprise that class of questions. As regards innate ideas, the empiricist position is that our knowledge is wholly obtained from sensation with the co-operation of our intellectual powers, heredity being also allowed for. To uphold this position, of course, requires us to give an account of our notions of space, time, cause, the soul or ego, without pre-supposing pure intuition. The relative priority of the universal and particular is empirically settled by maintaining that the two must proceed together. When from innate ideas we pass to innate truths, validity comes in. The testimony of consciousness has here to be appraised at its true worth. No single revelation of consciousness is admitted as final; there must be comparison to overcome illusions. Hence the final criterion of validity in general is consistency, or the absence of contradiction, through sufficiently wide range of conscious experiences. The great question of cause, which has been long a bone of contention, is best approached under the form—uniformity of nature. Does the empiric hold that experience establishes the certainty that the future will resemble the past? Hobbes says no, and the modern advocate of empiricism agrees with him. Lewes and some others regard it as an identical proposition. Whether this be so or not, the intuitionist view can be shown to beg the question twice over. Experience teaches what has been in the past, but cannot avouch the future. That must be presumed, begged, or taken for granted, by everybody; there is no proof, but the absence of contradiction, in the past. Another question connected with cause, is whether we are to rest satisfied with mere physical sequence, or must postulate mind at every step. "The principle of uniformity ranges wider than causation; it includes laws of co-existence, of which gravity is the chief, and laws of equality, or mathematics. It is impossible to exclude these from the experience test. The problem of external perception has a unique character among the controversies that divide the empiricists and the apriorists. The idealist view is what empiricism must adopt. It is a case of uncontradicted uniformity in the recurrence of certain appearances; and we are entitled, but only as an assumption, to postulate the same recurrence in the distant, and in the future. The point is how to express the appearances while they are unperceived. It is a marked contradiction to give them characters in themselves without any reference to their being perceived. If we must express what is permanent in other terms than how it appears to

our perceptions, we can do so only in the most abstract language that can be devised. The whole attempt is an accommodation to human weakness, which desiderates an assurance beyond the fact of regular recurrence. Most transcendent of all the questions is what is expressed by thought and equality, with their numerous synonyms. When reduced to a distinct issue, this is found to imply that what we know has some co-relations in the unknown, expressible only in terms of the co-relation. The most typical case is design, as implying a designer. It is through this procedure that philosophy has relations with theism, which, however, cannot be exhausted by such approaches. The empiricist, like everybody else, would be bound to take the subject in all its bearings.

FINE ART.

REMBRANDT'S DRAWINGS.

MR. A. W. THIBAUDEAU will publish immediately in London, and there will be issued simultaneously in Paris and in Berlin, the first of what are meant to be four, but may possibly in the fulness of time become five, parts of a work devoted to the reproduction of the authentic drawings of Rembrandt. Herr Lippmann, of Berlin, and Herr Bode, of the same place—and with them two or three English connoisseurs—direct the publication, which, it is well to understand, is not undertaken with any intention of pecuniary gain, but simply to enable connoisseur and student to have at hand what I may call a reference-library bearing upon the work—say, being itself the work—of the greatest Dutch master. To finish, in a business-like form, the announcement of the bare facts, let it be further understood that there will be issued, in all, only a hundred and fifty copies of the publication, and that the price fixed upon is so moderate that almost faultless reproductions of fifty drawings of Rembrandt—the first part out of the four or five parts to be issued, that is—will be attainable, until the small edition is exhausted, for a sum less than that which is often charged for a gaudy Christmas volume of photogravures. It is needless to say, that this honourable enterprise could never have been undertaken if some of the best treasure-houses in Europe, both public and private, had not opened their doors to give it welcome. The collections of the Berlin Museum, of the British Museum, of the Albertina at Vienna, of Mr. Malcolm of Poltalloch, and of Mr. J. P. Heseltine, will be drawn upon. Nor do these exhaust the list.

Those reproductions which I have thus far seen are of drawings at Berlin and at Mr. Heseltine's. Of the really important Rembrandt collections these are among the most recently formed and in the catalogue of Rembrandt's drawings which Mr. Vosmaer gave in his great work on the master—a work now twelve years old—some of the sketches at this moment in Berlin are chronicled as at home in other places. Thus the *croquis* which Mr. Vosmaer describes as "Garçon Recalcitrant" and the extremely interesting washed drawing, "Homme agé," as he calls it—adding, for our edification, "nommé à tort Vondel"—were, at the time of his writing, in a great private collection. Unless his difficulties of belief have latterly been overcome, Mr. Vosmaer does not accept this masterly work—the "Homme agé"—as a Rembrandt. "Bien que ce dessin soit d'une grande beauté, je doute fort," he says, "qu'on puisse l'attribuer à Rembrandt." But other connoisseurs, at all events, remain of a different opinion. It is conceded, I hear, by some of those who have to do with the issue of these reproductions, that two drawings not finally to be attributed to Rembrandt's hand have slipped themselves into the collection. These, it seems, are a Berlin drawing with cows in the foreground and a little possession of Mr. Hesel-

tine's, "View across a large Sheet of Water with a Town in the Background." The first is not remarkable in any degree, and the second yet more unmistakably suggests a hand less powerful than Rembrandt's, and less delicate. Two other drawings which, while I do not quite venture to impugn their authenticity, I must at all events decline to value highly, are the "Portrait of the Artist"—pen and brush, in Indian ink—with which the work begins; and the drawing in red chalk, "A Philosopher," in which, while the head is no doubt clever enough, the lines are generally wanting in significance, in decisiveness, in that economy of means which was so completely a note of Rembrandt's art.

When these things have been mentioned, I do not know that the austerest, the least confiding, criticism can mention anything else in depreciation of the manner in which this enterprise has thus far been conducted, or can suggest any means by which it would have been possible to better the present issue. Great variety has been secured, and in some of these drawings the master has said *le dernier mot* of artistic refinement and of force. Contrast, for instance, such drawings as the "View of a Town with a Cathedral" and "Saskia van Ulenburgh." To have been capable of both is, if I may draw a simile from the art of the musician, to have performed with equal expressiveness the weightiest work of Beethoven and Schumann's *Träumerei*. The "View of a Town," though in some part executed with the pen, gains its character of unlimited potency by the wash of sepia—the swiftly disposed dab, the very splash, as it were, upon the paper. The "Saskia"—which depicts the *flamme*, or, as Vosmaer has it, the wife of Rembrandt, gentle, intelligent, and quite pretty to boot; twenty-two years old upon June 8, 1633—is a silver-point, on white prepared vellum: a work of faultless vivacity and refinement. Both these great things, and many others, such as the "Descent from the Cross" and the "Elijah in the Desert"—with the great style in every line of it—and the "Pen-and-ink Study of Three Figures," belong to Berlin; while among Mr. Heseltine's finest treasures must be placed the lateish drawing of the "Town Hall of Amsterdam" after a fire had occurred there in 1552 (this is one of two known drawings of the same subject), and "An Old Man seated in an Armchair" (a washed drawing wonderful for its illumination), and, lastly perhaps, the "Group of Large Trees on the Edge of a Pond." Alike to the authorities of a museum and to a private collector it must be a pleasure to know that unique possessions, in themselves so desirable, are now, in a sense, to be accessible to the student, in many places, by means of this publication.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

III.

Of the two examples of Constable, both contributed by Mr. T. Horrocks Miller, the "Water Mill," which is apparently an early example, is hard and formal. The "View on the Stour, near Dedham," painted in 1822, would seem, at first sight, to challenge our admiration as one of the great series of which the type and the masterpiece is the famous "Haywain," now in the National Gallery. On closer examination, however, it appears by no means on a level with those great examples, being far less rich, less true, and less happily composed than the best of them; it is, indeed, rather a dull and uninspiring, though a perfectly sincere, piece of painted prose, which belongs to the second or third rank of the painter's productions. Bonington—English by origin, but

French by artistic training and method—is represented by the most exquisite specimen of his landscape art with which we are acquainted: this is the "River Scene: Picardy" (60), which, like all the other oil paintings in the first, and not a few in the great gallery, forms part of the Horrocks Miller collection. It is sober in local tint as a water-colour by Cozens or Girtin, grey as a Van der Capelle; yet it is the most luminous picture in the room—not excepting perhaps Turner's great "Quille-boeuf"—and seems to have absorbed and to give forth light. The "Study" (64), by the same artist, is a most brilliant combination of green and crimson tones. It is one of a class of which there are many examples in the Manchester House collection, and shows Bonington as one of the earliest disciples, and in one sense, as a precursor of the French romantic school in its full development. Etty's "Coral Fisher" (29), though, as usual, unmeaning and purely decorative in intention, is as rich as, and much more transparent in colour than, most specimens of his work, the shadows not having acquired the trenchant blackness which mars so many of his paintings. Something in the rendering of the deep blue, vanishing coast-line recalls Delacroix, whose predecessor in point of date Etty was; probably the landscape backgrounds of Titian were to both painters the source of inspiration. The earlier and better phase of John Linnell's art is splendidly represented in four or five first-rate examples. If we choose to forget the tiresome and monotonous mannerism of his later time, he may with works such as these take his place not much below England's foremost masters of landscape. The "Windsor Forest" is a beautiful study of trees standing out sharply against the luminous background of an afternoon sky, the gold of which permeates the whole scene, accentuating the calm, English character of its beauty. Very remarkable for the pellucid quality of its atmosphere—verging almost upon a crystalline hardness—is "The Purchased Flock"; and still finer is the "Kensington Gravel-Pits," in which the foreground, showing men busily labouring among broken mounds of red soil, is drawn and modelled with a force and truth altogether admirable. The silvery blue of the sky, in itself beautiful, is here in somewhat strident contrast with the reddish-orange of the gravel, the tone of which is neither very agreeable nor very true to nature. The sombre "Welsh Mountain Road" (5) is a conception which has much of the strength and pathos that we are wont to associate with the works of Théodore Rousseau. The sky already shows traces of the mannerism which was later to overwhelm the artist.

It is well to be brought occasionally face to face with the English art of forty years ago, though that period, being undoubtedly the one at which our school had reached its nadir, a collection of works distinctively representing it is inevitably a depressing spectacle. In the presence of the cheap, bourgeois romanticism, the leaden hues and hard wooden textures of a Newton, an Egg, a Macrise, a Ward, and, above all, in the presence of the uninspired and uninspiring Philistinism of their mode of conception, the rebellion of the P.R.B., their indignant repudiation of the formula of their day, is more than ever explicable: better than ever do we understand the excesses of naive realism into which the youthful band were, as it were, stung. Though the specimens of the above-mentioned artists now shown at Burlington House are carefully chosen and of more than average quality, there is certainly no temptation to dwell on their characteristics, technical or other. They are, nevertheless, of interest as illustrating a well-defined phase in the art-history of our time, and one too

recent to have been as yet sufficiently described. It is for this reason, and no other, that we cannot deplore the exhibition, or rather re-exhibition, of such works on the walls of the Academy. On a not much higher level, from a technical point of view, stand the works of C. R. Leslie; but these are redeemed by a real vivacity of conception, a keen zest for a certain element of stage comedy, which is here well illustrated in the popular "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," as it is, too, in many works contained in the Sheepshanks collection. The vigorous execution of John Phillip, his strength, if not his unity or complete harmony, as a colourist, and his power of conceiving a subject, from his own point of view, with a certain dramatic life and power, take his work out of the category of the "Victorian" painters already named; while, on the other hand, the obviousness—nay the vulgarity—of the sentiment which informs even his most distinctive productions, the inability which he evinces to penetrate below the surface of the thing conceived or reproduced, render him, in some respects, mentally, if not technically, their brother. The picture awkwardly named "The Huff"—and yet not inappropriately, since there pierces through all its Spanish colour a certain unmistakable British flavour—is a strong and characteristic, if not a very engaging, example of the painter's merits and demerits. The three remarkable specimens of the delicate art of John Fredk. Lewis, severally described as "The Bouquet," "An Armenian Lady, Cairo," and "The Coffee-bearer," have a peculiar charm of their own, wrought up by a loving finish and delicacy of execution, a refined feeling for colour, and a genuine skill in rendering the sheen and the very web of rich oriental stuffs, as in depicting the tender greens of early foliage illuminated by the brilliant light of a southern spring. Against this charm, and this rare mastery of detail, must be set, in execution, a certain hardness and want of flexibility in the rendering of flesh; in conception, a lack of life and individuality. Lewis's orientalism, too—like John Phillip's Spanish colour—is strongly flavoured with that same indefinable British ingredient, which has unconsciously forced its way to the surface in the works of both men. It is, perhaps, unfair to expect of any artist whose gifts stop short of genius, whose originality is not that of the pioneer or the combative innovator, that he should divest himself of the faults which colour the very atmosphere of his time. We had almost forgotten to mention the "Jacob and Rachel" of that precursor of the Pre-Raphaelites, William Dyce. It is a characteristic example, in which hardness and over-deliberation in the execution are redeemed by real pathos and a genuine dramatic instinct.

Seldom, if ever has the art of Turner, even in the galleries of the Academy, been more splendidly illustrated than on the present occasion; the oil paintings, though less numerous, are not less distinctive than the water-colours, though these are of unrivalled interest. The worshippers of each several period of the master's practice will be gratified, and will, no doubt, find additional fuel to feed the ardour of their individual preferences. The first work in order of date is the water-colour, "Conway Castle" (16), painted in 1796, and very suggestive of Girtin, both in conception and execution. Then come unsurpassable specimens of the first style in its maturity, and of the transition to the second: the exquisite "Cader Idris" (10), with its background of sun-tipped mountains melting into the sky, painted as Turner alone could have painted it; the splendidly true and noble "Edinburgh" (14), upon innumerable points of which great work it would be a pleasure to dwell; the "Falls of the Clyde" (12); and the powerful, if somewhat,

hard "Pembroke Castle" (4), painted in 1806. Among the oil paintings, the well-known "Bonneville, Savoy" belongs to this time. It comprises a rendering of nobly-shaped mountains, abruptly descending on three sides to a smooth dark lake, which it would be difficult to excel for realism or for beauty; but the picture is marred by a hard and over-solid sky, forming an insufficient contrast to the rugged masses which it canopies. A contemplation of these glories of the first manner more than ever emboldens those who venture, in hushed tones, to suggest that it is in a sense the master's truest and noblest period. The not too highly idealised truth which he here expresses allows the poetry of nature herself to speak, shows without distortion the latent and mysterious affinities which exist below her many aspects, and the infinite shades of human passion. She is not here, as later on, used—and misused, though it may be splendidly misused—as a medium of expression in the hands of the poet-painter, audaciously striving to conquer the limits of his art, and to depict, to express the impossible. Fine specimens of the second manner are the "Van Tromp's Shallop at the Entrance of the Scheldt," exhibited in 1832, and the apparently much earlier "Wave" (181). To this style belongs, among the water-colours, the series engraved in *England and Wales*, and, no doubt, mainly produced for that purpose; of which some fine specimens are here shown, including the "Stamford," the "Chatham from Fort Pitt," the "Prudhoe Castle," and the "Barnard Castle." To the same style and period belongs the "Stirling Castle," painted in 1834, and engraved in Sir Walter Scott's *Prose Works*, and also the "Shoreham." All, or most of, these works, are exquisitely well preserved, and are wrought with the greatest delicacy and skill, showing, too, the developed resources of the painter as a colourist. Yet do they either convince, or very deeply move the beholder? These balanced and improved arrangements of nature lack the truth of the first period, and the lyrical element, the soaring temerity of the last. It is as if, in the careful preparation necessary to render the subjects suitable for engraving in accordance with the taste of the day, the subtle essence of truth and beauty of the higher order had evaporated. In striking contrast with these finished drawings are the singularly interesting "Rhine Sketches," now, for the first time, through the kindness of Mr. Ayscough Fawkes, temporarily framed and placed before the public. These are fifty-one in number, and were drawn by Turner during a tour of about fourteen days on the Rhine in 1819. The interpretation of nature is here truer, simpler, and more sympathetic. The rendering may be further amplified, and perhaps corrected, but for freshness and comprehensiveness of vision it cannot easily be improved. Where so much is remarkable it would be tedious to cite many examples; yet we may single out as exceptional for accuracy and beauty the dark moonlight scene, "Goarshausen," the "Peterhoff," with its stormy sky, against which stands out a rainbow, and the delicious grey-green "Marksburg," with its winding river and peaceful evening sky. Two oil paintings of great importance represent the transition from the second to the third period, if they do not actually belong to the latter. Of these, the "Quilleboeuf" is almost unique for the perfect state of preservation in which its magnificent colouring now appears, for the richness and transparency of the shadows and the brilliancy of the light which alternate on the storm-tossed, subsiding waves. Yet the quiet French coast-scene, as it appears under the strange illumination of a lurid sky pierced by the rays of the setting sun, is

presented in a fashion which altogether fails to convince: the splendid unreality of the painter's dream overwhelms and crushes the subject upon which it is superposed. A dream, too, is the beautiful "Venice" (141), but a dream more truly expressing the essence of the reality from which it is generated: the theme is here suited to its embellishments. As magnificent specimens of the third period, still in its saner phase, may be pointed out, among the water-colours, the "Oberwesel" (6), the "Lake of Nemi," and, above all, the dazzling, yet lurid, phantasy which the master has called "Heidelberg" (17).

It is a cruel kindness to have honoured the late Frank Holl, as he is here honoured, by arranging the very complete and representative show of his portraits and genre pictures in immediate juxtaposition with the unequalled series of Rembrandts; and the only fair way to utilise this unique opportunity for estimating the modern painter's artistic position is to pass straight into the two galleries which contain what is practically his life-work, deaf—or rather blind—to the enticements offered on either hand as we pass. It was as a painter of pathetic—too pathetic—genre that Holl first took the fancy of the English public; but it is not by this branch of his art that his reputation will be sustained. Already in these lugubrious scenes the execution has an ease and breadth not common among English artists at the time they were painted. The technique, and especially the mode of illumination, have points of contact with, and may have been suggested by, those of the modern Dutch school. But this pathos, if by no means insincere, is of an obvious and superficial order, such as is calculated to draw easy tears from the pit of the Adelphi or the Princess's Theatre. It is melodramatic and spectacular, rather than drawn naturally and truly from life. Not the catastrophes, not the blackest woes of existence alone should be the theme of the creative artist, whether poet or painter, who seeks to express the uncertainty, the indefinable sadness which weighs down those of to-day. The mystery of human life in its myriad aspects, chequered with sun and shade, is worthier of contemplation and of expression than the mystery of death; and the pathos extracted from the latter by itself can be but incomplete and ephemeral. As a portrait-painter Holl will take an important, though by no means the highest, position among English artists of his period. He possessed uncommon breadth and, within his own limits, certainty of draughtsmanship and technique generally, and especially a happy power of composing his subjects in attitudes at once natural and picturesque. He successfully expressed without constraint or affectation a measure of the individuality, both mental and physical, of his sitters, though giving neither aspect in the highest form of which it was capable—never attaining the sympathetic insight which marks the happiest works of a Watts, or the exuberance of life which distinguishes the finest portraits of a Millais. When at his best, he happily rendered what all the world perceives in a striking individuality, without adding to the impression any very personal interpretation of his own. Against these merits must be set the defects of a wearisome monotony in conception and arrangement, and of a very conventional system of illumination; above all, that of a system of colouring, striking, but harsh and unpleasant, particularly in the bluish tints of the painter's favourite black, and the clay-like textures, the leaden tones of much of the flesh-painting. Among the most vigorous and complete portraits here are the truculent "Duke of Cleveland," the urbane "Earl Spencer," and the manly and thoroughly English "Lord

Stalbridge." A finer intuition is, however, shown in the simple and pathetic portrait of the nonagenarian "Captain Sim"—a type of mentally resolute if decrepit old age. Consummately well-drawn and painted, and admirably lighted, if not in other respects very interesting, is the portrait of a young girl holding a sheathed sword, called "Did you ever kill anybody, father?" Nowhere, however, has the painter succeeded in simulating physical elasticity and vigour—akin in quality to that in which Frans Hals delighted—with such success as in the uncompromising presentation of "Pierpont Morgan, Esq., of New York." Here is frankly portrayed a true son of the new world, standing out in striking contrast to the old-world celebrities by whom he is surrounded. This is one of the three last portraits painted by Holl, whose art, it will be thus seen, was still in a sense progressing at the moment of his premature and altogether unexpected death.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ANDREA DEL SARTO'S "CARITA."

Florence: Jan. 18, 1889.

The *Contemporary Review* of November, 1886, contained an interesting article by Prof. Max Müller about his discovery in an antiquary's den of this city of an *abizzo*, which he believes to be a first sketch by Andrea del Sarto for the celebrated "Carita" in the Chiostro del Scalzo (Via Cavour) a hundred yards distant from Savonarola's old monastery, San Marco. This *abizzo* may be what he thinks; but it is curious that another very beautiful and perfect copy—or original as the finder insists—has lately come into the possession of Prof. Angelo de Gubernatis. So what Prof. Max Müller doubted to be possible—viz., that "any other was extant"—has apparently been settled in the affirmative.

I have seen the Florentine professor's duplicate of "La Carita" now hanging on the walls of his villa, painted on canvas in *chiaroscuro*, or grey in grey, and a letter announcing his treasure-trove to the Oxford professor. Comparing a photograph of it with the group in the Chiostro, to my eyes it is even more delicate and refined in the expression of the central figure; but that difference may be attributed to the smoothness of the material, and, in part, to the effect of time and damp on the rough surface of the fresco.

Prof. Max Müller claims that this benignant woman, carrying and sheltering beneath her robe three lovely boys—who represents to ordinary beholders simply the greatest of all the Christian graces—portrays the features of Lucrezia, the wife too much idolised by the infatuated and unhappy painter. If such is still his persuasion let him revisit Florence, and the study of the angelic face of the fair and frail Lucrezia in other pictures will make all allusion to vanish. Lucrezia may be traced beyond dispute in the "Madonna del Sacco," and in the "Birth of the Virgin," to be seen in the cloister and *cortile* of the church of the Annunziata, also in the Madonna called "of the Harpies" in the Tribuna of the Uffizi Gallery. Most exquisite among all she appears in the girlish profile of the Madonna in the Pitti Palace in the painting of the "Holy Family," so-called for want of a better title, although San Giuseppe is absent. But there is no need to travel outside the cloister of the Scalzo; for in one of the scenes depicting the Life of St. John the Baptist, the soft, sweet face that haunted and pursued the painter even to the court of the French king, Francis, is ever present, and as Herodias glances across a table in seeming confidence of sure recognition. History records (and, if readers will abandon

Vasari in order to refer to L. Biagi and Baldinucci, they may see for themselves) that Lucrezia had two sisters; but I fail to find, what some have thought to discover in Andrea's other pictures, any trace of them in the fresco of "La Carita"—not even a slight sisterly resemblance.

Prof. Max Müller laments the crumbling and decay of these frescoes in the Scalzo from exposure to wind and weather. They are now under lock and key, and have been roofed in for the last 120 years. But I could tell of many a church, monastery, and cloister in Italy where worse destruction has worked hand in hand with an iconoclastic government to hasten the slow steps of ruthless time. The condition of Ferrara, which I lately visited, calls aloud for rescue from the military destroyer, who cries havoc there within sacred walls, consecrated in other days to religion and art, as understood and practised by Garofolo, Dosso Dossi, and many others whose works, thus perishing, will soon become the shame, as once the glory, of the Italian nation.

WILLIAM MERCER.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

ALTHOUGH, as stated in the ACADEMY of last week, Mr. F. G. Prange will henceforward be associated with Sir Coutts Lindsay as manager of the art department of the Grosvenor Gallery, we are asked to state that Mr. Charles W. Deschamps will continue to give his services in the collection of works by deceased artists for the winter exhibitions.

THE exhibitions to open next week include the seventeenth exhibition of the Nineteenth-Century Art Society, in Conduit Street; and a collection of water-colour drawings and sketches in Serk, North Wales, &c., by Mr. Paul Naftel, at the Fine Art Society's in New Bond Street.

MR. ROSCOE MULLINS will, in all probability, send to the Royal Academy a life-size group of mother and child—suggested by no ordinary domestic incident, but by a passage in the second part of "Faust." The young woman kneels upon one knee, the maintenance of her pose being aided by pressure on the foot of the other leg. She is almost Greek in type, benign of expression, large of structure, and amply and finely developed. From many points of view the work offers lines of interest and charm. Its composition is, indeed, admirable. Mr. Mullins has likewise in a forward state a design that is destined for the New Gallery. It is the almost nude figure of a boy with a modelling tool in the right hand, and in the left a mask of comedy; the work—which is charged with vivacity and energy—having been suggested by the well-known phrase of Ben Jonson, "Life's a jest, and all things show it." The same sculptor has completed a striking bust of Mr. Ritchie, to whom, it will be remembered, we owe the scheme of County Councils.

MR. SAMUEL FRY is far advanced with a statuette of fair size, at this moment in clay, but presently to be cast in bronze. It represents a muscular and largely-built young woman, nude and in the act of stretching. This bids fair to be one of the most original and successful of the artist's works; the lines of the composition being unquestionably fine, and the figure, although expressing by her action the fatigue of the hour, being in truth of energetic and powerful type.

THE Burlington Fine Arts Club closed to the public last week its exhibition of the drawings of Cotman, which, by the amount of interest in

the artist which they have aroused, cannot but be considered to have at least fulfilled the aim with which they were brought together. We hear that the club is preparing to open, during next month probably, an exhibition of precious miniatures, which will doubtless prove attractive.

THE *Scottish Art Review* will publish in early issues reproductions of the series of Rossetti's drawings in the possession of Mr. William Morris. There will also appear in the March number reproductions of two of Mr. Whistler's etchings, one of them a quite recent plate. The editorship of the *Review* was recently assumed by Mr. James Mavor.

THE Grolier Club has been holding in its rooms, at Madison Avenue, New York, a very representative exhibition of the etchings of M. Legros—an exhibition in which the prints shown were good as to "state" and good as to impression. About eighty subjects were got together—that is about half the number catalogued by M. Thibaudeau a few years ago, in his book upon this austere master. Of course, many of the etchings are more than rare—they are practically unattainable. We are glad to think that the latest good service which the Grolier Club has rendered to the cause of art should have taken the form of a tribute to this genuine and, as yet, too little appreciated etcher.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

To what we shall venture to describe as the ill-advised interference of the London School Board must be attributed the somewhat premature withdrawal of Mr. Savile Clarke's version of "Alice in Wonderland" from the Globe, and of Miss Filippi's true children's pantomime from the Court Theatre. A contemporary has no doubt been right in asserting that the action of the School Board in these and in similar cases cannot be judged only from the theatrical point of view. But from the point of view of the best interests of the children engaged—many of them, it must be remembered, children of the gutter, washed and dressed and brought into relation with people of intelligence on the stage—it is probable that the interference of which we speak is a pedantic mistake.

MISS KATE RORKE gives on Tuesday next a special matinée at the Gaiety, when Mr. Sydney Grundy's new play, of somewhat sombre interest—but, we doubt not, of real literary merit—will be brought out for the first time in London.

ON Thursday in this week—just as we were about to go to press—there was to be produced the new piece founded on *Pickwick*, the words by Mr. Burnand, the music by Mr. Solomon.

MUSIC

NIECKS'S "LIFE OF CHOPIN."

The Life of Chopin. By Frederick Niecks. In two volumes. (Novello.) In 1877 Moritz Karasowski, a native of Warsaw, published his *Friedrich Chopin*, and in 1882 appeared a Polish edition of that work. Why then another Life? Mr. Niecks, in his preface, tells us that the one by Karasowski is incomplete and inexact. Little information is given in it about the composer's early life in Paris, and fancy sometimes takes the place of fact. The letters, too, of Chopin to Fontana are said to lose much of their value, owing to Karasowski's inability to

assign approximately correct dates to them. Let one example suffice. Chopin writes from Nohant: "Mdme. Viardot spent a fortnight here." Karasowski thinks the letter in which this sentence occurs was written in 1839. But, Mr. Niecks reminds us that Pauline Garcia had not then become the wife of Louis Viardot. Again, Liszt's "Fred. Chopin" appeared in 1851 in *La France musicale*, and in book-form in 1852; but Liszt, says Mr. Niecks, was "a poet, not a chronicler."

One has only to read the preface to the new work to see that Mr. Niecks has tried to improve upon his predecessors. The author has laboured for more than ten years; and besides studying books, pamphlets, letters, &c., he has conversed and communicated with pupils, friends, and acquaintances of the master. Of the difficulties he had—nay, impossibility at times—in getting at the exact truth, here is an instance. Where did Chopin first meet George Sand? "At a ball given by the Marquis de C.," says L. Enault. "At a musical matinée," says Gutmann. "At his own house," says Liez. Of course, in a case like this, Mr. Niecks can only give the several statements. Here is another. What did the Countess Potocka sing to Chopin when the latter was near death? "A Hymn by Stradella and a Psalm by Marcello," say Liszt and Karasowski; "a Psalm by Marcello and an air by Pergolesi," according to Gutmann; whereas Franchomme asserts that it was "an air from Bellini's 'Beatrice di Tenda,' and that only once, and nothing more."

Mr. Niecks appropriately begins his book with a description of Poland and the Poles—for Chopin's music is deeply rooted in the national soil. The various classes of the population are thus described by an eighteenth-century writer, "Polonia coelum nobilium, paradisus clericorum, infernus rusticorum." Chopin was, from early youth, the pet of the aristocracy of Warsaw, but the music of the people attracted him. We are told how he delighted to mix with the peasants and listen to the quaint and beautiful strains of the mazurkas, polonaises, and krakowiaks which they played and sang. In an instructive chapter our author briefly traces the history of music in Warsaw from the reign of Augustus of the house of Saxony. This was the sovereign to whom Sebastian Bach dedicated the *Kyrie* and *Gloria*, afterwards incorporated into his great B minor Mass.

Chopin's life at home, his musical studies under Elsner, his journeys to Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, and other places, his love for Constantia Gladowska—these and other matters are fully described, and in an interesting manner. But when we reach the Paris period there is not only interest but novelty. By various means already noticed our author is able to present to us much that is quite new. The letters written by Chopin to his friend, Fontana, appeared in the Polish edition of Karasowski's life; but they are now translated for the first time. Of interest—though often of a painful kind—there is no lack. "The loves of famous men and women, especially of those connected with literature and the fine arts, have always excited much curiosity," says Mr. Niecks. And the curiosity is all the greater when, as was the case with George Sand and Chopin, both were "distinguished practitioners of ideal crafts." Majorca, Nohant, Paris—these three words recall the romance of the novelist and of the poet composer. Soon after they had become acquainted they went to Majorca; and whether at Palma, where "the sky is like a turquoise, the sea like lazuli, and the mountains like emeralds," or at the old monastery of Valdemossa, "a really sublime place," the story is fascinating. Then there are the yearly visits to Mdme. Sand's *château* at Nohant—the dinner parties, the balls, the

evenings devoted to music and the drama. And Paris—though connected with many festive days, with music-making and intercourse with celebrities in the worlds of art and literature—reminds us of the final rupture. The story of the *liaison* of George Sand and Chopin has proved a tempting one to the biographer. It is the prominent feature of the book; but then the story itself is a prominent feature of Chopin's life. The letters written by the composer after his settlement in Paris are, with rare exceptions, disappointing. "Their matter," says Mr. Niecks, "is suggestive of a commercial man writing to one of his agents." Here is a specimen—Chopin is communicating with Fontana from Nohant in 1841:

"I send you the Prelude, in large characters, for Schlesinger, and in small characters for Mechetti. Clip the MS. of the Polonaise to the same size, number the pages, and fold it like the Prelude, add to the whole my letter to Mechetti, and deliver it into Leo's own hands, praying him to send it by the first mail, as Mechetti is waiting for it."

But Chopin could be amusing. From Palma, where for two weeks he had been "as ill as a dog," he writes in reference to three doctors who had seen him:

"The first said that I would die, the second that I was dying, the third that I had died already; and in the meantime I live as I was living."

And the letters contain much which repays one for all the dry parts. How composers appreciate the titles given to works without their consent may be seen from the following:

"If he [Wessel, the publisher] sustained losses by my compositions, it is most likely owing to the foolish titles he gave them, in spite of my directions. Were I to listen to the voice of my soul, I would not send him anything more after these titles. Say as many sharp things to him as you can."

The Nocturnes (Op. 9) were called "Murmures de la Seine," the Valse (Op. 18), "Invitation à la Valse," the Scherzo (Op. 20), "Le Banquet infernal." One of the best letters is that addressed to his old teacher Elsner. It was written in 1831, soon after Chopin's arrival in Paris. In it he speaks of "my perhaps bold but noble resolve—to create a new art-era."

Of course, Mr. Niecks has much to say about Chopin as a composer. It has been asserted that hardly any traces of development can be found in his works. His biographer, however, sees as much difference between his early and his latest productions as between Beethoven's First and Ninth Symphony. While not going quite so far, we fully agree with Mr. Niecks in the broad distinction which he makes between the early virtuosic and the later poetic style. Classifications of this sort, however, are, as our author is well aware, liable to be misunderstood. Broadly speaking, they are correct; yet there was poetry in the early, and virtuosity in the later period. In connexion with the early works, the Fantasia (Op. 13) and Krakowiak (Op. 14), Mr. Niecks cannot remember any virtuoso performing either in public until Mdlle. Janotha revived the former. However, in the catalogue of the works performed at the Crystal Palace we find that Mr. Dannreuther played the Krakowiak there in 1866. Mdlle. Janotha's performance of the Fantasia took place in 1880. Mr. Niecks agrees with Liszt and many musicians that in Chopin's works in the larger forms there is "plus de volonté que d'inspiration." He looks upon the Allegro de Concert (Op. 46) as "unsatisfactory, nay, almost indigestible." He reminds his readers that a critic, after listening to a performance of that work by M. de Pachmann, stated that what "seemed dry and involved became under his fingers instinct with beauty and feeling." This decided judgment caused

Mr. Niecks to examine the piece once again, but without causing any change in his opinion. We gather from this remark that he has not heard Pachmann play it. Perhaps he will not mind our saying we think that would alter his opinion. Does he not himself tell us that Lenz *read* through Chopin's Barcarolle (Op. 60), and that it did not please him at all? When, however, he heard it played by Tausig, he confessed "that the virtuoso had infused into the nine pages of energizing music, of one and the same long-breathed rhythm, so much interest, so much motion, and so much action, that he regretted the long piece was not longer."

Mr. Niecks has gathered together some of Chopin's opinions on music and musicians. He worshipped Mozart, and was a zealous student of Bach. One day, Hallé played to him a Beethoven Sonata (one from Op. 31). Chopin found the last movement vulgar. From this Hallé concluded that he could not have made a deep study of the master's works. Lenz, indeed, has said: "Chopin did not take a very serious interest in Beethoven. He knew only his principal compositions, the last works not at all." Chopin cared little for Mendelssohn, and—if the statement of Schlesinger be true that he did not consider Schumann's "Carneval" to be music at all—still less for a composer who thoroughly appreciated and admired his own genius. He preferred Bellini to Berlioz.

Mr. Niecks's second volume is so attractive that one could fill many columns with pleasing extracts. We must, however, forbear. Chap. xxvii. will be read with special zest by pianists. Chopin as a teacher, and his method of teaching, are here described. The master could be sarcastic. A pupil once played carelessly the *arpeggios* of the A flat Etude (Op. 25). Chopin jumped from his chair exclaiming; "Qu'est-ce? Est-ce un chien qui vient d'aboyer?" He could also be angry; although Mr. Niecks doubts Karasowski's statement that he was sometimes known to throw the music from the desk, and, worse still, to break chairs.

The account of the visit to England and Scotland in 1848, as described in chap. xxxi., is most interesting. One critic spoke of his works as giving one "the idea of an enthusiastic school boy, whose parts are by no means on a par with his enthusiasm." When he played at the Grand Polish Ball and Concert at the Guildhall, November 1, 1848, the *Times* noticed the dancing, the costumes, and other matters, but said not a word about Chopin. Of course he met with many who better knew how to appreciate him. The Sterlings were very kind to him in Scotland; and it was Miss Sterling who, in the following year, hearing that Chopin was ill and in want of money, sent him anonymously 25,000 francs.

In conclusion, we have only to mention that there is a valuable list of the master's works, a capital index, and a portrait by Kwiatkowski—an etching after a charming pencil drawing in Mr. Niecks's possession. His Life of Chopin is, as the title-page asserts, *The Life of Chopin*. It is complete and exact, and is written in so attractive a manner that it must appeal to readers of all kinds.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

RECENT CONCERTS.

SCHUBERT's Octet was played again at last Saturday's Popular Concert. This long but lovely work seems to be a never-failing attraction. Only one or two persons availed themselves of the short interval made after the third movement to leave the hall, and even their departure may have been dictated by necessity and not choice. The programme-book informed us that Mendelssohn used his powerful influence at Leipzig to make Schubert's instrumental

music known, and that Schumann, too, did much towards the same end "by his elegant writing and criticisms." Now that Mendelssohn laboured for the cause of Schubert is true; also that Schumann used his pen. But honour to whom honour is due. Schumann, in 1838, actually discovered Schubert's great Symphony in C at Vienna. It was sent to Leipzig by the composer's brother, and so it happened that this great work came under Mendelssohn's notice. The programme included Emanuel Bach's graceful Sonatas in C minor for pianoforte and violin, interpreted in a pleasing manner by Sir C. Hallé and Mme. Néruda. The former also gave two Chopin solos—the Impromptu (Op. 36), and the "Grande Polonoise" (Op. 44). The pianist was in unusually good form. He played as if he were thoroughly enjoying the music.

Mr. Max Pauer made his first appearance this season on the following Monday evening. He gave a vigorous reading of Schumann's *Etudes Symphoniques*; but, for a player generally so careful and correct, the second variation was certainly slovenly. He was well received. Mlle. Fillunger sang some delightful songs by Schumann and Brahms, and interpreted the music with good taste and feeling. The concert commenced with Haydn's concise Quartett in D minor (Op. 42), and concluded with the Beethoven Septet.

Mr. Henschel gave his eighth Symphony Concert at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening. Tchaikowsky's solemn Overture, "1812," was repeated "by desire." We see no reason to alter our opinion of this commonplace sensational piece. Mr. Max Pauer played Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat. It will readily be understood that a performer so well trained, physically and mentally, did justice to the work. After this came Schubert's unfinished Symphony in B minor. It had evidently been carefully rehearsed. In an ideal work of this kind one desires to forget, as much as possible, the means by which the music is being produced; but we could not always do so. Mr. Henschel generally arranges his programme with considerable tact, so that we fail to see why he gave us three pieces of programme music on the same evening. The first was Tchaikowsky's Overture already noticed. The second was Saint-Saëns's *Danse Macabre*. The French composer shows more skill and musicianship than his Russian contemporary, but it is a prostitution of musical art to attempt a representation of death dancing and fiddling on a tombstone. This, or the Overture, or even both, might have been omitted. The third, Liszt's Symphonic Poem, is, of its kind, extremely effective—indeed, one of the composer's best works. Next week there is a strong programme, to commemorate the sixth anniversary of the death of the Bayreuth master—some important excerpts from his works, and the "Eroica" Symphony.

MUSIC NOTES.

Half a Century of Music in Liverpool, an interesting pamphlet by Mr. W. I. Argent, consists of a reprint of various articles contributed to the *Liverpool Mercury*, in connexion with the celebration of the jubilee of the Philharmonic Society in that city. Its history is given from the time of its formation in 1840, and also that of other societies which preceded it. The "Musical Society" was already established in 1820. Dr. Mackenzie wrote his "Dream of Jubal" specially for the Philharmonic jubilee concert, where it was produced last Tuesday evening, under the composer's direction. It will be heard in London on February 26, at the next Novello concert.

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